

Chr
Y E W E E
HYMNS & TUNES
FOR THE
Sabbath School,

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THE JEWEL

A SELECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL

DESIGNED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO "THE GEM."

TORONTO, ONTARIO:

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P R E F A C E .

Nearly six years ago the compiler of this little book sent forth THE GEM. It was issued to meet what many had long felt to be a want in our Sunday School Hymnology—a book selected from the principal books in use, which, “without partiality for any composer, or prejudice against any,” should bring together the most appropriate and favourite pieces, and give to our schools the cream of many selections in the space and for the price of one. The success of THE GEM was far greater than our highest expectations. To quote from the “Preface to Second Edition : ”

“The rapid sale of the first edition of THE GEM, and the very many kindly notices it has elicited from Sunday School friends in all parts of the Province, afford gratifying proof that it has in some degree fulfilled the wishes of the Compiler, and supplied a want in our Schools. It is pleasant to know that it has secured a place among the various denominations, and that in Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational Schools, it is the book which supplies the children’s Service of Song, and that in hundreds of Christian families its pages furnish the united Sabbath hymn of praise.”

Five years have passed since the above was written, and several editions of the book have been published, amounting in the aggregate to many thousands, and the demand for it continues still. But since its publication, a large number of pieces have been issued, some of great beauty; and it appeared to the compiler that the time had arrived for the production of a new book containing those and a few older favourite pieces which did not appear in THE GEM, and so THE JEWEL is laid before our Canadian Sunday Schools.

As in THE GEM, there are inserted a number of hymns without music (upwards of a hundred), “for the most part old favourites, such as are found in every Church Hymn Book, and the use of them will, it is hoped, be that link in the worship of the Church and the Sabbath School which it is so desirable to preserve.” To each of these the name of an appropriate tune is affixed, all selected from THE CHRISTIAN PSALMIST, the new tune book issued by the Sunday School Union of England. It is hoped that this arrangement will be helpful to the organist or leader.

With the same desire and in the same words that he sent forth THE GEM, the compiler now sends forth THE JEWEL. “May the blessing of God rest upon this little book! May it help many youthful hearts to join in the Service of Praise, and aid in teaching them on earth the worship of the upper Sanctuary, and the more glorious music of ‘The Land beyond the River.’”

TORONTO, 1st July, 1873.

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THE JEWEL.

SABBATH SCHOOL TUNES AND HYMNS.

1

SWEET HOSANNAHS.

FOR THE INFANT CLASS.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Saviour, He regards you from a - bove; Praise Him for His
2. Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Saviour, Praise Him, your un - dy - ing Friend; Praise Him, 'till in

great sal - va - tion! Praise HIm for His precious love! } Sweet ho - san - nahs, sweet ho - san - nahs,
Heav'n you meet Him, There to praise Him with-out end! }

To the name of Je - sus sing! Sweet hosanuahs, sweet hosannahs, To the name of Je - sus sing!

2 Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

STRIKE! STRIKE FOR VICTORY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Soldiers of the Lord, Hoping in His mer-cy, Trusting in his word;

Lift the gos - pel ban-ner High a-bove the world; Let its folds of beau-ty, Ev - er be un - furled.

CHORUS.

Strike! strike for vic - t'ry, He - roes bold; Strike! till the vic - t'ry you be - hold;

Strike! strike for vic - t'ry, Ne'er give o'er; Rest then in glo - ry, 'Ev - er more.

STRIKE ! STRIKE FOR VICTORY—continued.

2 What though raging lions
Meet us on the way !
Zionward we're marching,
Tow'rds the gates of day ;
Ever pressing onward,
Onward to the light,
Till we reach the Jordan,
With our home in sight. Cho.

3. Strike ! O strike for vict'ry,
Heroes of the cross,
Sacrificing pleasure,
Glorying in loss ;
Bind the helmet stronger,
Tighter grasp the sword ;
Conquering and to conquer,
Battle for the Lord. Cho.

4 Hand to hand united,
Heart to heart as one,
Let us still keep marching,
Till our journey's done,
Till we see the angels,
Come in glory down,
With the shining garments,
And the victor's crown. Cho.

3

REVIVE US AGAIN.

1. We praise Thee, O God ! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus, who died, and is now gone a - hove.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah ! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah ! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Thine the glo - ry, [OMIT..... Re - vive us a - gain,

2 We praise Thee, O God ! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Revive us again ; fill each heart with Thy love ;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.
Hallelujah, &c.

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?

Refrain.

3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
 Who'll be the next to praise His name?
 Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—
 Sing, Hallelujah! praise the Lamb? *Ref.*

4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,
 Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
 Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,
 Singing upon the other side? *Ref.*

WELCOME HOME.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

DUET. *Cheerful.*

{ There is a realm where Je-sus reigns, A home of grace and love, } To greet the saints a - bove.
 { Where angels wait with sweetest strains [*Omit.....*] }

CHORUS.

They'll sing their wel - come home to me, They'll sing their wel - come home to me; The An - gels will

Fine. D.S.

stand on the heavenly strand, And sing their welcome home! Welcome home! Welcome home! The

There sons of earth will join to bless
 The precious Saviour's name,
 Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
 And saved from sin and shame.

Yet all, alas! will not oe there,
 For some will slight his grace,
 Tho' now he calls, they do not care
 To turn, and seek his face.

He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,
 And I will give you rest."
 The angels wait their melody,
 To greet you with the blest.

1. We welcome this beau-ti-ful Sabbath of rest, Our Father has made it, 'tis hallowed and blest;

In songs of de - vo-tion, thanksgiv-ing and praise, Our hearts and our voi-ces to - gether we'll raise

Chorus.

Let us worship our King, and be glad while we sing, Let the hills and the valleys with me-lo-dy ring; Let the

deep hear the strain, and repeat it a - gain, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! A-men.

Now joyful away to the temple of prayer,
The Lord will be with us, His children are there;
The light of His glory, the smile of his love,
Will beam like the sun from His kingdom above.

How happy the people whose God is the Lord,
Who walk in his counsel, and trust in His word;
And look for the promise the Saviour has given,
A robe and a crown for the faithful in heaven.

Sing on, O ye ransomed, now safe on the shore;
Sing on, you have anchored, your trials are o'er;
We'll follow your footsteps, we long to behold
The river of life and the city of gold.

With energy.

A STARLESS CROWN.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. { Oh, shall I wear a starless crown In yon-der world of glo-ry? Or will some lit - tle friend be
 The wondrous sto - ry of the cross, The sufferings of the Saviour, Who died that he from worldly

Full Chorus.

found To whom I've told the sto - ry— } O hap-py day! O hap-py place! We soon shall meet to - ge-ther,
 dross Might win us to his fa - vor. } O hap-py day! O hap-py place! We soon shall meet to - ge-ther,

Where Je-sus stands with smil-ing face To crown us his for ev - er.

2.

A youthful army now we stand,
 Our Captain's word is given,
 We'll onward move, his blest command
 Will guide us on to heaven.
 When ransom'd hosts shall gather round
 The Lamb on Zion's mountain,
 Oh, there may we each one be found
 Beside the living fountain.

JEWELS.

G. F. Root.

1. When he com - eth, when he com - eth, To make up his jew - els, All his
 jew - els, precious jew - els, His lov'd and his own. Like the stars of the morning, His

Chorus.

bright crown a - dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather
 The gems for his kingdom;
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
 His loved and his own.—Cho.

3 Little children, little children,
 Who love their Redeemer,
 Are the jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and his own.—Cho.

OUR WELCOME SONG.

Come with sing - ing Glad-ly bring - ing Songs of praise to Christ our King ; Lord, be near us,

Chorus.

Kind-ly hear us, While our grateful notes we sing. { Bless us, save us; Je-sus, Guide us, lead us, To thy

Very soft.

Loud.

show thy precious love; } { Hark ! bark ! our Sa - viour tells us, Come ! come ! come ! come ! }
bless-ed heaven a - bove. } { Hark ! bark ! he free - ly calls us Home ! home ! home ! home ! home !

2 Tell the story
Of the gloryOf our ever blessed Lord ;
Love abounding,Sin confounding,—
Tell his goodness all abroad. Cho.3 He, to save us,
Freely gave usAll he had, in boundless love ;
We, believing,
Grace receiving,
Hope, thro' him, for heaven above.

2 In this dreary vale below
 Thou hast trod a path of woe,—
 Thou hast known the dreadful power
 Of the tempter's evil hour,—
 Felt the time of gloom and fear,—
 Shed, like us, the bitter tear.

3 Now I bend before thy throne,
 All my guilt and folly own ;
 Yet with earnest heart I plead
 Comfort, pardon in my need :
 This my plea, and nought beside :—
 Gentle Jesus, thou hast died.

WELCOME HYMN.

1. Now u-nite our hearts and voi - ces In a song of joy and praise; Each one gathered here re-
2. We have heard the solemn coun - sel Fall - ing on our listening ear, When from week to week as-

1. Now u-nite our hearts and
2. We have heard the solemn
 voi - ces
 coun - sel
 in, a song of joy and
 Fall - ing on our listening
 praise; Each one gathered here re-
 ear, When from week to week as-

Chorus.

joi - ces, And a wel-come note we raise. } sem - bled In this place to us most dear. } Welcome, welcome, Singing welcome, welcome home.

joi - ces, And a wel-come note we raise. } sem - bled In this place to us most dear. } Welcome, welcome, Singing welcome, welcome home.

Wel - come, wel - come, Singing welcome, welcome home.

3 Now to God, our Heavenly Father,
Thanks from grateful hearts we pour;
He has kept us safe from danger,
Brought us to this place once more. *Cho.*

4 May we all, when life is over,
 Gather in that heavenly land,
Where no farewell words are spoken,
 'Mid the holy joyous band. *Cho.*

Mrs. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling hope and fear: I've wait-ed long, and
 2. None ev-er emp-tiy turn'd a-way, Who tru-ly sought thy face; And I, my Sav-iour,
 still I wait Thy gracious voice to hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys thou hast in
 come to-day, To seek thy pardoning gracie. Thy precious blood is all my plea: This can my soul re-
 store; } O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door, I'm kneeling at the door,

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.—Concluded.

Kneel-ing at the door, O Lord, in mer - cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.

13

PASS ME NOT.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.

Chorus.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my humble cry, While on others thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy,
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside,
Whom in heaven but Thee.

Chorus.

1. Who is he in yon - der stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall? 'Tis the Lord, O wondrous
 2. Who is he in yon - der cot, Bending to his toilsome lot?

sto - ry, 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo - ry, At his feet we humbly fall, Crown him,

3 Who is he who stands and weeps
 At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?
 crown him, Lord of all.

4 Who is he in deep distress,
 Fasting in the wilderness?

5 Lo! at midnight, who is he
 Prays in dark Gethsemane?

6 On the cross, lo! who is he,
 Sheds his precious blood for me?

7 Who is he that, from the grave,
 Comes to heal, and help, and save?

8 Who is he that on yon throne
 Rules the world of light alone?

1 Noth - ing eith - er great or small, Remains for me to do ; Je - sus died, and
 2 When he from his loft - y throne Stooed down to do and die ; Ev - ery - thing was

Chorus.

paid it all,—Yes, all the debt I owe. Je - sus paid it all, All the debt I ful - ly done; "Tis finished!" was his cry.

owe, Je - sus died, and paid it all; yes, all the debt I owe.

3 Weary, working, plodding one !
 Oh, wherefore toil you so ?
 Cease your " doing ;" all was done
 Yes, ages long ago.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
 Alone by simple faith,
 " Doing" is a deadly thing,
 All " doing" ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly " doing" down,
 Down all at Jesus' feet ;
 Stand in Him, in Him alone,
 All glorious and complete.

1. Praise the Lord, the Saviour King ! Glad - ly sing, To our King, Loud the joy - ful
 2. Praise him for his dy - ing love ! From a - bove, Rich in love, Je - sus, mighty

praises ring, The praise to Christ our King : Raise the triumph loud and long, Raise the song,
 Saviour, came, To save from sin and shame : Praise his name who came to die, From on high,

Clear and strong, Hearts and voices join the song, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. Praise him,
 Came to die; To his arms of love we'll fly, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

Chorus.

OUR SAVIOUR KING.—concluded.

praise him, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus; praise him, praise him, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

3 Praise him, for he lives again,
Lives to reign; Not in vain
We will trust his mighty love,
Our Saviour reigns above:

Glory to his name we sing,
Gladly sing, To our King,
Loud the grateful anthems ring,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

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CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

For the Infant Class

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1 Gentle Saviour, God of love, hear us from thy throne above, While we meet to praise thee here, In our Infant

Class so dear. { May the lessons we have heard } Make us what we ought to be, Lead thy lit-tle lambs to thee.
From thy pure and ho - ly word, }

2 Jesus, thou wert once a child,
Make me humble, meek, and mild.
Kindly fold us on thy breast,
There thy little ones would rest.

In that happy world of light
Where the day is ever bright,
May our angel voices sing,
Glory ! glory to our King!

FANNY CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1 Praise the Lord, all ye peo - ple, oh, lift up your voice, Let the floods clap their
 2 See the man - sions of glo - ry their por - tals un - fold, Our Re - deem - er as -

Chorus.

hands and the mountains re - joice, } We will praise him, we will praise him, we will
 cend - ing, the an - gels be - hold. }

join the might - y, might - y cho - rus, For the Lord is our God, for the Lord is our King.

3 Tho' the kingdoms of earth and their splendor shall fall,
 Yet the Lord is triumphant, he rules over all.

4 To the Lord, our Creator, salvation belongs,
 Let his name be exalted with rapture and songs.

KEEP THOU MY WAY O LORD.

F. J. CROSBY. *Andante with expression.*

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Keep thou my way, O Lord ! My - self I can - not guide; Nor dare I trust my er - ring
 steps One mo - ment from thy side; I can - not think a - right, Un - less inspired by
 thee; My heart would fail with - out thy aid, Choose thou my thoughts for me.

For every act of faith,
 And every pure design,
 For all of good my soul can know,
 The glory, Lord, be thine ;
 Free grace my pardon seals,
 Thro' thy atoning blood ;
 Free grace the full assurance brings,
 Of peace with thee my God.

O speak, and I will hear ;
 Command, and I obey,
 My willing feet with joy shall haste
 To run the heavenly way ;
 Keep thou my wand'ring heart,
 And bid it cease to roam ;
 O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
 To heaven, my blissful home.

Andante, with expression.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angelic hosts re - joic - es,
 Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise, Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them chant their hymns of
 Hear them tell the wondrous story, Hear them chant their hymns of
 Glo - ry in the high - est!
 joy, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, in the high - est! glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!
 Glo - ry in the high - est! glo - ry, Glo - ry, be to God on high!

2 Peace on earth—goodwill from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found:
 "Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 O, receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him :
 Learn his name, and taste his joy :
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God most high.
 Then we'll sing the wondrous story,
 And we'll chant in hymns of joy,
 Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high.

THE HAPPY TIME.

1st and 2nd. Semi-Chorus.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 { O the happy time is coming When the gospel trumpet's sound, Shall be heard by ev - ery
 When the vale shall be ex - alt - ed, And the verdant hills re - joice, And the o - cean join the

Chorus.

na - tion, To the earth's re - mo - test bound; } Lo! the morn-ing light will break, And the
 cho - rus, With a loud tri - umph - ant voice.

day is draw-ing nigh, Yes, a glorious time is com-ing soon, We shall hail it by and bye.

2 O the happy time is coming
 When the cry of war shall cease,
 And the standard of our Saviour
 Be the olive branch of peace;
 Underneath our vine and fig-tree
 We will never be afraid,
 There is none will dare molest us,
 In their calm and quiet shade.—CHO.

3 O the happy time is coming
 To our fathers once foretold,
 It is promised in the Bible,
 It was sung by prophets old:
 They who sit in heathen darkness
 Soon the morning light shall see,
 And the world, with songs of triumph,
 Hail the glorious jubilee.—CHO.

SEEKING JESUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

KATE CAMERON.

1. { Thro' the world we daily roam Seeking Jesus, Seeking Jesus;
None in vain for this have come, Seeking Jesus, Seeking Jesus; } { In all places high or low - ly,
'Mid the sin-ful and the ho - ly }

Duet. Chorus. Girls. Girls and Boys. All.

Seeking Jesus, Seek - ing Je - sus. We shall find him, We shall find Him, We shall find Him, if we

seek, He will hear us when we speak; He will answer us in love, Take us home to dwell a - bove.

2 If our days on earth are spent
Seeking Jesus, seeking Jesus;
With all things we'll be content
Seeking Jesus, seeking Jesus:
Tho' our path be lone and dreary,
Tho' our steps be slow and weary.
Seeking Jesus, &c.

3 Soon our life will all be o'er,
Seeking Jesus, seeking Jesus,
We shall reach the better shore,
Seeking Jesus, seeking Jesus;
In that land of peace and pleasure,
We've laid up our dearest treasures,
Seeking Jesus, &c.

LORD'S DAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Christ, the Lord is risen to-day, Glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Our tri-umphant ho - ly day, Hal - le -
 2. Love's re-deeming work is done, Glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Fought the fight, the bat - tle won: Hal - le -

lu-jah, praise the Lord. He who died up - on the cross, Glo-r , Hal - le - lu - jah! Suffer'd to re -
 lu-jah, praise the Lord. Lo! the sun's e-clipse is o'er, Glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! he sets in

Full Chorus.

deem our loss, Hal-le - lu-jah, praise the Lord! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord.
 blood no more, Hal-le - lu-jah, praise the Lord! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
 Christ has burst the gates of hell :
 Death in vain forbids Him rise ;
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King ;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
 Once He died our souls to save ;
 Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Follow our exalted head :
 Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell, How once the King of
 Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell: I am both weak and sin - ful, But
 this I sure - ly know, The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause he loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
 Was once a child like me,
 To show how pure and holy
 His little ones might be:
 And if I try to follow
 His footsteps here below,
 He never will forget me,
 Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy,
 My sweetest songs I'll raise,
 And though I cannot see him,
 I know he hears my praise!
 For he has kindly promised
 That I shall surely go,
 To sing among his angels,
 Because he loves me so.

THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

R. F. CLARK.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus is our lov-ing Sa - viour, He, our best our con - stant friend;
 In his ser - vice life is plea - sure, For he lov-eth to the end. Lov - ing Sa - viour,
 Lov - ing Sa - viour, Here we at thy footstool bend, Here we at thy footstool bend.

2 Jesus is the children's Saviour !
 'Twas for them he shed his blood ;
 Died, that poor and needy sinners
 Might be reconciled to God.
 Dying Saviour !
 Bearing thus our sinful load.

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3 Jesus is the children's Saviour !
 "Suffer them," he says, "to come,"
 If they seek his face and favor,
 They shall share his heav'ly home.
 Risen Saviour !
 Never more from thee to roam.

4 Loving, Suffering, Dying Saviour !
 Risen, Glorious on thy throne,
 Haste the day when every idol
 Shall by truth be overthrown.
 And the kingdoms
 Of the earth to thee belong.

THE KING OF KINGS.

Low the in - fant Sa - viour lies, He ap - pears in low - ly guise;

Yet by faith we read the words King of kings, and Lord of lords. King of kings, and

Lord of lords, King of kings, and Lord of lords. King of kings, and Lord of lords.

He who wears the crown of thorns,
He who man reviles and scorns,
Yet demands as his the words,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

On the cross 'tis still the same ;
Never can he yield his claim
To these ever-glorious words,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Pass'd the conflict of his love,
See, he takes his place above ;
On his vesture shine the words,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

THE ARK OF GOD.

REV. A. E. LORD.

1. What ves - sel are you sail - ing in? What Cap - tain do you claim? Our ves - sel is the
 2. And what's the port to which you're bound? De -clare to us the way? The heav'n of heavens

Ark of God, And Christ the Cap - tain's name. Hoist ev - 'ry sail to catch the breeze; The
 is our port, — The realms of end - less day:

sail - or plies his oar; The night be - gins to wear a - way; We soon shall reach the shore.

3 But are you not afraid some storm,
 Your bark will overwhelm?
 We cannot fear, — the Lord is here;
 Our Father's at the helm.
 Hoist every sail, &c.

4 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
 The tempest all is o'er;
 The city bright appears in sight;
 We soon shall reach the shore.
 Hoist every sail, &c.

5 And when we all are landed safe
 On the celestial plain,
 Our song shall be, The Worthy Lamb,
 That was for sinners slain!
 Hoist every sail, &c.

SABBATH CLOSING HYMN.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Fading, slowly fading, sweet Sabbath day, Like a hallow'd mem'ry, Lingers thy golden ray.
 2. Fading, slowly fading, sweet day of rest, Still thy beauty lingers O-ver the ro-sy west.

Duet.

Dear Saviour, now to ev'-ry heart, Reveal the way, the truth impart, That leads to life be-yond the skies, Where
 Our earthly joys will soon decline, Our earthly hopes but faintly shine; Then may we rise on wings of love, And

Chorus.

pleasure never dies. Fading, slowly fading, sweet Sabbath day, In gen-tle tones it seems to say :
 rest with God a - bove.

SABBATH CLOSING HYMN—concluded.

Passing a-way! passing away! In gen-tle tones it seems to say: Passing a-way! a-way!

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LAMB OF GOD, I LOOK TO THEE.

L. SPONR.

1. Lamb of God, I look to Thee; Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;

Thou art gen - tie, meek and mild: Thou wast once a lit - tie child. A - men.

2 Fain I would be as thou art ;
Give me Thy obedient heart !
Thou art pitiful and kind :
Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Let me above all fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will ;
Never His good Spirit grieve ;
Only to His glory live!

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am :
Make me, Saviour, what thou art !
Live Thyself within my heart.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je-sus and His glo - ry, Of
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That won-der - ful re - demption, God's
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re - member! I'm the sin - ner, Whom
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That's this world's empty glo - ry, Is

Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
 rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry of - ten, For I for - get so soon!
 Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be,
 cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glo - ry, Is dawn - ing on my soul,

Chorus.

For I am weak and wea - ry, And help-less and de - filed. }
 The "ear - ly dew" of morn-ing, Has passed a - way at noon. } Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
 In a - ny time of trou - ble, A com-fort - er to me. }
 Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.—concluded.

Musical notation for 'The Old, Old Story' in G major, common time. The melody consists of two staves: a soprano staff with a treble clef and a bass staff with a bass clef. The lyrics are: Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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FANNY CROSBY.

THE LAND TO WHICH WE GO.

W.M. F. SHERWIN.

Musical notation for 'The Land to Which We Go' in G major, common time. The melody consists of two staves: a soprano staff with a treble clef and a bass staff with a bass clef. The lyrics are: 1 Life has many a pleasant hour, Many a bright and cloudless day ; Singing bird and smiling flower, Scatter 2 Earth has many a cool re-treat, Many a spot to memory dear ; Oft we find our weary feet Ling'ring

sunbeams on our way ; But the sweet-est blos-soms grow, In the land to which we go.
by some fountain dear; Yet the pu - rest wa -ters flow, In the land to which we go.

3 Like a cloud that floats away,
Like the early morning dew,
Here the fairest things decay ;
There, are pleasures ever new.
Only joy the heart will know
In the land to which we go.

4 'Tis the Christian's promised land ;
There is everlasting day ;
There a Saviour's loving hand
Wipes the mourner's tears away :
Oh ! the rapture we shall know
In the land to which we go.

MEET ME IN THAT LOVELY LAND.

W. BENNETT.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Meet me in that love - ly land, Where the hap - py white-rob'd band, Round the throne of
 2. Meet me on that peace-ful shore, When earth's toilsome work is o'er, Where our friends have

Chorus.

glo - ry stand, Ev - er blest at God's right hand. } Meet in bliss no tongue can tell ;
 gone be - fore, And the ransom'd part no more. }

Meet with an - gel bands to dwell, Meet in heaven where all is well, Meet me in that land.

3 Meet me in that world of light,
 Where, amid the glories bright,
 All who conquer in the fight,
 Share the beatific sight.—Cho.

4 Meet me in that world of cheer,
 Where is seen no falling tear,
 Where no clouds of night appear,
 Where the sky is ever clear.—Cho.

5 Gentle Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 Guide us to that realm above,
 Where the saints for ever prove
 All the fulness of thy love.—Cho.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gol-den! With milk and ho - ney blest; Be-neath thy con - tem -

pla - tion, Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, Oh! I know not, What

joys a-wait me there; What ra-di-an-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com - pare A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

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3 And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight;
For ever and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow!
Oh, state that feart' st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realms and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.—Ame

1 On the sweet E - den shore so peace-ful and bright. The spirits made perfect are dwelling in light. Their

white wings are wafting them gently along, Thro' beau-ti-ful regions of glory and song. On the sweet E - den

On the sweet

shore so peace - ful and bright, On the sweet E - den shore the

..... E - den shore, On the sweet E - den shore,

home of the blest, With friends gone before, We'll tarry and rest, tar-ry and rest, Tarry and rest on the shore.

ON THE SWEET EDEN SHORE—concluded.

2 O, blessed to rise when life's pangs are o'er,
To mount up to heaven and dwell evermore,
To never grow weary and never know care,
In those beautiful regions so blooming and fair. *Cho.*

3 On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest,
With friends gone before, soon we'll tarry and rest,
Content there with Jesus our Saviour to stay,
We'll delight in the pleasures that never decay. *Cho.*

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FANNY CROSBY.

Slow, with feeling.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More like Je-sus would I be; Let my Saviour dwell with me— Fill my soul with peace and love—
2. If He hears the ra-v'en's cry; If His ev-er - watchful eye Marks the sparrows when they fall,

Make me gen-tle as a dove; More like Je-sus, while I go, Pil-grim in this world be-low ;
Sure-ly He will hear my call; He will teach me how to live, All my sim-ple thoughts forgive ;

Poor in spi-rit would I be— Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side,
Where the tranquil waters glide ;
Born of Him, through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

1. The shadows are fall-ing, Swift clos-eth the day, I hear a voice call-ing, It seemeth to say,— Oh.
 2. The day is de - part-ing, The darkness is here; Ah! why am I starting, While heart beats with fear, Soul!
 3. The light is ap - pear-ing, The dark ness is gone, For JE - SOS is nearing, And ten-der His tone,— Oh,

soul! hast thou glean'd well to - day? In the world's har - vest field, With its full pre - cious yield, Has it
 hast thou not glean'd well to - day? In the world's bu - sy throng, Hast thou failed to be strong, Weakly
 soul! in my might glean each day; When the har - vest is o'er, Shall be joy ev - er - more, If the

CHORUS.

vain - ly ap - pealed,— Oh, soul! hast thou gleaned well to - day? Hast thou gleaned..... Hast thou
 yield-ing to wrong, Oh, hast thou not gleaned well to - day? } Hast thou gleaned..... Hast thou
 sheaves at thy door Shall say, thou hast filled well thy day? }

Hast thou gleaned,

gleaned..... Hast thou gleaned..... well to - day? Oh, soul! hast thou gleaned well to - day?

Hast thou gleaned,

Hast thou gleaned, &c.

PRAISE THE GIVER OF ALL.

(JENNY V.)

SUITABLE FOR A FESTIVAL.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1 Let us mingle our voices in cho - rus to - day; The earth is re - joic - ing all

na - ture is gay, { And the stream in the val - ley goes laugh-ing a - long; How hap - py its
D.C. { Let his chil - dren with rap - ture his mer - cy re - call, The boun - ti ful

Fine.

CHORUS.

beau-ti - ful song; Praise the Lord, the Giv - er of all, Praise the Lord, the Giv - er of all,

Giv-er of al

D.C. 8.

2 There is joy in the sunbeam that sparkles so bright,
And calls the young blossoms to welcome the light;
And the bird in the greenwood is singing with glee,
As cheerful and happy as we. Cho.3 Let us join the glad music and joyfully praise,
In purest devotion, our jubilant praise;
We are grateful to God for this *beautiful** day;
We'll sing the bright moments away. Cho.

*Or "festival day."

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. We sing our song of ju - bi-lee, Our voices rising loud and free, And with the notes of sweet accord, We

Chorus.

praise our ev - er blessed Lord. Singing to - gether, sing - ing to - ge - ther, Teachers and scho - lars

glad - ly u - nite; Sing-ing to - ge - ther, sing-ing to - ge - ther, Love fills our hearts, and our faces are bright.

2 We praise Him for the year now past,
And at his feet our cares we cast;
And O may He who guides our way,
Forbid our youthful steps to stray.
Singing together, &c.

3 Our Sabbath school, oh ! may He bless,
And guard its lambs with tenderness ;
And lead us gently when we die
To our Good Shepherd's fold on high !
Singing together, &c.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry; Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seeme Than all the gold-en fauncies, Of all our golden
 8. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More wond-er ful - ly

love. I love to tell the sto - ry; Be - cause I know it's true; It sa - tis - fies my longings, As
 dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry; It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
 sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard the message of sal - va - tion From

CHORUS,

no - thing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To
 tell it now to thee.
 God's own ho - ly word.

tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

4 I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the New, New Song,
 "Twill be the Old, Old Story
 That I have loved so long! —Cho.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

Chorus.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je-sus, the water of life will give Free-ly, free-ly, free - ly, Je-sus, the wa-ter of life will give
 2. Je-sus has promised a home in heav'n, Free-ly, free-ly, free - ly, Je-sus has promised a home in heav'n,
 3. Je-sus has promised a robe of white, Free-ly, free-ly, free - ly, Je-sus has promised a robe of white,

Chorus.

Free-ly to those who love Him. Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly,
 Free-ly to those who love Him. Treasures unfading will there be giv - en, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly,
 Free-ly to those who love Him. Kingdoms of glo - ry and crowns of light, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly,

Duet.

Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Flowing for those that love Him. The Spi - rit and the Bride say, come
 Treasures unfading will there be given, Free-ly to those that love Him. The Spi - rit and the Bride say, etc.
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light, Free-ly to those that love Him. The Spi - rit and the Bride say, etc.

THE WATER OF LIFE—concluded.

Duet.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly, And he that is thirs - ty let him come, And drink of the water of life.

Full Chorus.

The fountain of life is flowing, Flowing, freely flowing, The fountain of life is flowing, Is flowing for you and for me.

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MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER.

EVEN ME.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me. E-ven me, E-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather, Let Thy mercy fall on me. E-ven 'me, E-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee :
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor ;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.—Even me.

4 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing ;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me.—Even me.

HYMNS OF GRATEFUL LOVE.

May be sung as Trio or Semi-Chorus.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shall hymns of grateful love, Thro' heav'n's high arches ring, And all the hosts above, Their songs of triumph sing.

Full Chorus. ff

And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back again? And send the ech-o, *send the ech-o,*

send the ech-o, send the ech-o, Send the ech-o, send the ech-o, back a-gain.

2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all powers ascribe,
Who saved them by his grace.—*Cho.*

3 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with His blood,
And all the love record,
That led them home to God.—*Cho.*

4 Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around,
Salvation through His name.—*Cho.*

1. Strike the harp of Zi - on, wake the tune - ful lay; Bear the joy - ful ti - dings far a - way;

Chorus.

Lo! the morn is breaking, morn of purest love, Praise for ev-er, praise to God a-bove. Glo - ry! glo-ry!

hark! the an-gels sing, Glo - ry! glo - ry! hear the e-cho ring! Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay;

Bear the joy - ful ti - dings far a - way, far a - way, Bear the joy - ful ti - dings far a - way.

2 Over distant regions veiled in error's night,

See the holy dawn of gospel light;

See! the nations coming at the Saviour's call,
Coming now to crown him Lord of all.—Cho.

3 O, the joyful story, life to every soul!

Like a mighty ocean let it roll,

Bringing home the lost ones from the path of sin,
Till the world shall all be gathered in.— Cho.

Semi-Chorus.

1. March a - long ! march a - long ! Sing-ing a glad tri - umphant song. Sing of the love of
 2. March a - long ! march a - long ! Sing-ing a glad tri - umphant song. Sing what he tells me

Chorus.

God to me, Sing of his grace so rich and free; Sing of his good-ness by the way,
 in his word, Brightest and best that e'er was heard; Sing how my Saviour came to die;

Duet.

Sing how he keeps me day by day. Sing of the mer-cy, sing of the love, Keeping my soul for
 Sing how he lives and reigns on high.

OUR SONG OF TRIUMPH.—Concluded.

Chorus.

glo - ry a - bove. March a - long! march a - long! Sing - ing a glad, tri - umphant song.

3 March along! march along!

Singing a glad triumphant song.

Sing bow he loved my soul so well,
Ransomed with blood from sin and hell ;
Sing how his precious blood was spilt,
Washing away my deepest guilt.—Duet.

4 March along! march along!

Singing a glad triumphant song.

Sing of my Jesus, strong to save,
Sing of his victory o'er the grave.
Sing how he rose from death and night,
Bringing my soul to endless light.—Duet.

45

GOD OF MERCY, THRON'D ON HIGH.

From "Cantica Sacra."

1. God of mér - cy, thron'd on high, Lis - ten from Thy lof - ty seat; Hear, oh hear our fee - ble cry ;

2. Young and err - ing travell'ers we, All our dangers do not know; Scarcely fear the stor - my sea,

Guide, O guide our wan-d'ring feet.
Hard - ly feel the tem - pest blow. A - men.

3 Jesus, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy Blood divine
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

4 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and Love on every soul,
Hope, till time shall be no more ;
Love, while endless ages roll. Amen.

SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG.

TO THE LEADER.—The effect of this piece will be heightened by singing the first part responsively.

In marching movement.

WM. B. BRADEURY.

1. { We are marching on with shield & banner bright, We will work for God and bat-tle for the right, We will
In the Sunday School our ar-my we prepare, As we ral-ly round our blessed standard there, And the
D.C. We are marching onward, singing as we go, To the promis'd land where living waters flow; Come and

END.

praise his name rejoicing in his might, And we'll work till Jesus calls. } Then awake, then a-wake, Happy
Saviour's cross we early learn to bear, While we work till Jesus calls. } join our ranks as pilgrims here below, Come & work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, then awake,

D.C.

song, happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we gladly march a - long.

D.C.

62 Happy song, happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we gladly march a - long.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

From "Song Garden."

1 Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours ; Work while the dew is spark-ling,
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon ; Fill brightest hours with la - bor,

cres.

Work 'mid spring-ing flowers ; Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun ;
 Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing mi - nute Something to keep in store :

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

3.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies !
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies,
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work, while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

MANSIONS OF LIGHT.

W. H. DOANE.

1 { Oh, say have you heard of the man-sions of light, Our Saviour has gone to pre-prepare?
 Where falls not a cloud or a sha-dow of night; They tell us no sor-row is [OMIT]..... there.
 2 { Oh, where is that ci-ty whose por-tals of gold are o-pen by night and by day?
 The ci-ty whose splen-dor can ne-ver be told, Whose pleasures will ne-ver de-[OMIT]..... cay?

BOYS.

Oh, yes, we have heard of the man-sions so bright, And free from all sor-row and care;
 'Tis yon-der, where joy-ful our spi-rits may fly, Be-yond where the bright pla-nets roll;

Our Sa-viour, the Lamb is the glo-ry and light, The chil-dren of Zi-on are there,
 A-bove the clear arch of the blue e-ther sky, The beau-ti-ful home of the soul.

Chorus.

'Tis a home where the wea-ry may rest, The beau-ti-ful home of the blest, Oh,

MANSIONS OF LIGHT.—concluded.

come, we are bound for the man-sions of light, The beau-ti-ful home of the blest.

49

With Spirit.

MARCHING ON.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

1st.

2d

1. { Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from far;
 (Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, Little sol-diers of Zi-on prepare for the war.

Chorus.

1st.

{ Marching on! marching on! sound the battle cry, sound the battle cry, For the Saviour is before us, and for him we draw the sword.
 (Marching on! marching on! shout the vic-to-ry, shout the victo-ry!

Fine.

We will end the battle singing, "Halle-lu-jah to the Lord!"

Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray,
 With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;
 'Mid the cheering of angels our ranks march away,
 With our flags pointing ever right on toward the foe, Chor.

Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
 At the call of our Captain we draw every sword;
 We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
 Let us strike every rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord, Chor.

Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come
 Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;
 Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
 And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown, Chor.

HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

MISSION SONG.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

1 Hark! the voice of Je - sus cal - ling, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, the
 har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Mas - ter cal - leth,
 Rich reward he of - fers free; Who will answer, glad - ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,
 You can help them at your door;
 If you cannot give your thousands,
 You can give the widow's mite,
 And the least you do for Jesus
 Will be precious in his sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can tell the love of Jesus,
 You can say he died for all;
 If you fail to rouse the wicked,
 With the judgment's dread alarms,
 You may lead the litt'e children
 To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 While the souls of men are dying.
 And the Master calls for you,
 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do!"
 Gladly take the task he gives you,
 Let his work your pleasure be,
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

THE WELCOME HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { How sweet will be the wel - come home, When this short life is o'er, When pain and sor - row,
 When we that bright and heav'ly land, With spi - rit eyes shall see, And join the ho - ly,

Full Chorus.

care and grief Shall dwell with us no more. } The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome
 angel band, In praise, dear Lord, of thee. }

home' The wel - come home, the wel - come home, The Christian's wel - come home.

Wel - come home.

2 Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark
 May anchor sure and fast,
 Beside the shining gates of pearl,
 Where I may rest at last !
 When once within, my soul shall know
 No hunger, thirst or pain,
 No sickness, sorrow, care or death
 Shall visit me again ! Cho.

3 Oh may I live while here below,
 In view of that blest day,
 When God's bright angels shall come down,
 To bear my soul away !
 When I shall walk the golden streets,
 In garments white and pure ;
 And sing an endless song to him,
 Who made my soul secure ! Cho.
 In the last stanza the chorus may be repeated pp.

MRS. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. We have come to Je-sus pray-ing, Lord, re-deem us from all sin; And his precious voice is say-ing,
 2. Breathe a pray'r for ev-'ry nation, Where the waves of darkness roll: Send the message of sal-va-tion,

"Let the lit-tle ones come in." } Oh, there's work for all to do, Will you pray and la-bor too?
 It may save some cap-tive soul. }

Oh, there's work for all to do, Will you pray and la-bor too?

3

From the fold of Jesus, blindly,
 Loving hearts are led astray;
 Tell them, ever tell them kindly,
 Jesus is the truth, the way,
 Oh, there's work for all to do,
 Will you pray and labor too?

LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

B. R. H. From "Chapel Gems,"

1. 'Mid the pastures green of the bless-ed isles, Where never is heat or cold, Where the light of life is the Shepherd's smile, Are the
 2. There are tiny mounds where the hopes of earth Were laid 'neath the tear-wet mold, But the light that pal'd at the stricken hearth Was

Lambs of the Up - per Fold, Where the li - lies blos-som in fade - less spring, And nev - er a heart grows old, Where the
 joy to the Up - per Fold. Oh, the white stones bear-eth a new name now, That nev - er on earth was told, And the

1st. | 2nd. Fine. D.S.
 glad new song is the song they sing, Are the Lambs of the Up - per Fold. Fold. Lambs of the Upper Fold, Lambs of the Upper Fold.
 ten-der Shepherd doth guard with care The Lambs of the Up - per Fold. Fold. Lambs, etc.

1. On - ly just across the ri - ver, O - ver on the oth - er side, Where the an - gels are in wait - ing,
And the pure in heart a - bide; Where there is no pain or sor - row To in - trude on heavenly rest,

On - ly just across the ri - ver, Stand the mansions of the blest. On - ly just across the ri - ver,

Chorus.

On - ly just across the ri - ver, Stand the mansions of the blest. On - ly just across the ri - ver,
When the saints are passing o - ver, On - ly just across the ri - ver, Ov - er on the oth - er side.

OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE—concluded

2 Only just across the river,
Are the friends we love below,
Clad in pure and spotless garments,
That are whiter than the snow;
They have braved cold Jordan's billows,
And have pass'd thro' death's alarms
They are free from every sorrow,
In the Saviour's loving arms. Cho.

55 MRS. E. PRENTISS.

3 Only just across the river,
Where the hills of glory shine,
There the pearly gates unfolding,
Lead the soul to joy divine.
There the tree of life is blooming,
And the living waters glide.
Only just across the river,
Over on the other side. Cho.

4 Only just across the river,
Are the robes of spotless white;
Only just across the river
Are the crowns of glory bright,
And the saints and angels joining
In the song with one accord,
Only just across the river,
Sing the praises of the Lord. Cho.

CLOSER TO ME.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

I. Press close, my child, to Me, Clos - er to Me; Earth hath no rest - ing-place Rea - dy for Thee;
2. Love, pleasure, rich - es, fame All may be thine, And thy im - mor - tal soul Still will re-pine;

Straight to my bo - som flee; Press close, my child, to Me, Clos - er, clos - er, clos - er to Me.
I must be all to thee; Press close, my child, to Me, Clos - er, clos - er, clos - er to Me.

3 Life may for thee contend,
Hard toil and care
Strive to divide from Me,
 Crowd every where;
Let them my servants be;
Press thou, my child, to Me,
Closer, closer, closer to Me.

4 Grief of thy heart may make
A desert drear,
Yet there my sufferers learn
My voice to hear;
Calling, with earnest plea,
Press close, my child, to Me,
Closer, closer, closer to Me.

5 Come, then, my child to Me,
Make thyself Mine
I give Myself to thee,
I will be thine;
Joy, grief, and care shall be
Ties binding thee to Me,
Closer, closer, closer to Me.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend; Life and health, and
 2. Tru - ly blessed is this sta-tion, Low be - fore His cross to lie; While I see di -

peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin - ner's dy-ing friend. Love and grief my heart di - vi - ding, With my
 vine com-passion Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye, Here I'll sit, for ev - er view-ing, Mer - ey

tears His feet I'll bathe; Con - stant still, in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from His death.
 streaming in His blood; Pre-cious drops my soul be - dew-ing, Plead, and claim my peace with God.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Duet.

Chorus.

3 And the city, bright with glory,
How its splendor charms the eye,
Though we view it from a distance
We shall reach it by-and-by.—Cho.

4 He has taken many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side,
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we cross the rolling tide.—Cho

5 Through the lonely vale of shadows,
When in triumph we have passed,
In the happy land of promise,
We shall meet our friends at last Cho

OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. How sweet the chiming Sabbath bells! We love the wel-come sound; And haste, with glad and
 2. From Christian friends and teachers there, We learn the heav'n-ly way, That leads to Him who

Chorus.

will-ing heart, Where pur-est joys are found. Our home, our home, our home,
 kind-ly gave This ho-ly hap-py day. Our home, our home, our home, our home, Our

cheer-ful Sabbath home! We glad-ly seek its dear re-treat, Our cheer-ful Sabbath home.

3 We sing our Saviour's wond'rous love,
 And all his tender care;
 We sing of joy beyond the sky
 In mansions bright and fair. Cho.

4 The angels, robed in purest white,
 Surround the throne above;
 And there our happy souls may join,
 To sing redeeming love.

KINDLY AND GRACIOUSLY.

1. Kindly and gra-ciously, prompted by love, Je - sus came down from the bright world above, Tho' he was

glori-ous, al-migh - ty, di - vine, Sun of that world where the bright spirits shine ; { Gen - tle and low - ly, an
I Like the poor children, lie,

humble and mild, } Praise him ! oh, praise him ! for, prompted by love, Jesus came down from the bright world
too, was a child, } above.

2 Lovingly, lovingly, close to his breast,
Once little children so fondly he press'd ;
Laid each dear hand on some little one's head
Tenderly smiling, as sweetly he said :—
“Dear little children, so happy and free
Suffer the children to come unto me.”
Lovingly, lovingly, close to his breast,
Once little children so fondly he press'd

3 Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
Jesus now folds the dear lambs in his arms ;
Hark ! there is melody through the air borne—
Borne from the “happy land” whither they’re gone.
“Parents, and sisters, and brothers most dear !
Weep not, but meet us, Oh, meet with us here !
Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
Jesus now folds the dear lambs in his arms.” E

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing
 2. Like a mighty ar - my, moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing where the

on be - fore. Christ, the Royal Mas - ter, leads against the foe, Forward in - to
 saints have trod: We are not di - vi - ded, all one bo - dy we, One in hope and

Chorus.

bat - tle, see, his banners go. Onward, Christian sol-diers, marching as to war,
 doc-trine, one in char-i - ty.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.—concluded.

With the Cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, which can never fail.
4 Onward then ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.
Glory, praise and honor, men and angels sing,
Through the countless ages unto Christ the King.

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DEAR JESUS, HEAR ME. (Child's Prayer.)

Words by F. J. C.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.

Saviour, bless a little child; Teach my heart the way to Thee; Make it gentle, good and mild; Loving Saviour, care for me.

Chorus.

Dear Je-sus, hear me, Hear thy lit - tle child to - day; Hear, O hear me; Hear me when I pray.

2 I am young, but Thou hast said— 3 Jesus help me, I am weak; 4 I would never go astray,
All who will may come to Thee; Let me put my trust in Thee; Never turn aside from Thee;
Feed my soul with living Bread; Teach me how, and what to speak; Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—Cho. Loving Saviour, care for me.—Cho. Loving Saviour, care for me.—Cho.

1. Dawning in the val-ley, Smiling o'er the hill. Lo! the Sabbath morning, Peaceful calm and still. Cheers the drooping spirit,

With its gol-den rays, While we greet its com-ing With a song of praise, While we greet its coming With a song of praise.

CHORUS.

Welcome day, ho - ly day, Hear the passing moments gen-tly say, Watch and pray, *Cho.* Come to Je-sus, come a-way.

2. While in joyful chorus
Chime the Sabbath bells,
Let us seek the temple
Where our Father dwells,
Bending there before him,
Ask for grace divine,
Light of hope eternal,
In our hearts to shine.—*Cho.*

3. Day of rest from labor,
Pure and tranquil rest ;
Day of sweet refreshing,
By our Father blest,
May our soul's devotion
Kindle while we sing,
Praise to him who made it,
Praise to God our King.—*Cho.*

1. In a manger laid so lowly, Came the Prince of Peace to earth ; While a choir of an-gels

Spirited. f

ho - ly, Sang to cel - e - brate his birth. "Glo-ry in the highest," Sang the glad an-gel - ic strain ;

"Glo - ry in the highest," "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," "Peace on earth, good will to men."

2. As the wise men from far Persia,
Brought rich gifts to Jewry's King,
Grateful love, a richer treasure,
Sang to celebrate his birth.

Cho. "Glory in the highest,"

3. Where Christ's joyful kingdom cometh,
Deserts blossom as the rose ;
And God's gracious rain descendeth,
Where the coral island grows.

Cho. "Glory in the highest."

MY HOME IS THERE.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Above the waves of earthly strife, Above the ills..... and cares of life; Where all is

peace - ful, bright and fair; My home is there, My home is there. My beau - ti - ful

My

home,..... My beau - ti - ful home,..... In the land where the glori - fied ev - er shall

beau - ti - ful home,..... My beauti - ful home, In the land where the glori - fied ev - er shall

MY HOME IS THERE.—Concluded.

roam, Where an - gels bright... ... wear crowns of light, My home is

roam, Where an - gels, an - gels bright, wear crowns, wear crowns of light, My home is

there, my home is there.

there, my home is there.

Far from sorrow, doubt and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears and care;
My home is there, my home is there.

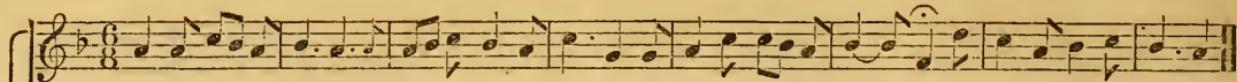
My beautiful home, &c.

2 Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where buds and flowers immortal grow,
Where trees their fruits celestial bear;
My home is there, my home is there.

My beautiful home, &c.

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;
My home is there, my home is there.

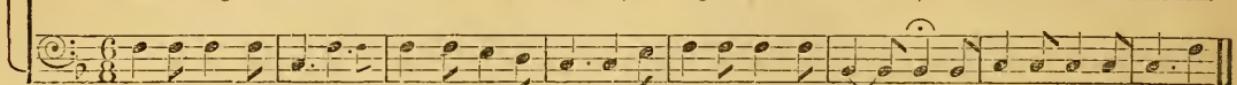
My beautiful home, &c.



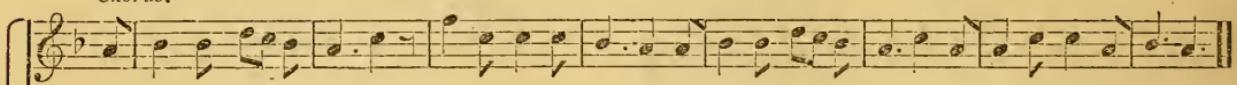
1. I will sing for Je-sus, With his blood he bought me; And all a-long my pil-grim way His loving hand has brought me
 2. Can there o-ver-take me An-y dark dis-as-ter, While I sing for Je-sus, My blessed, blessed Mas-ter.



3. I will sing for Je-sus! His name a-lone pre-vail-ing, Shall be my sweet-est inu-sic, When heart and flesh are fail-ing.
 4. Still I'll sing for Je-sus! O! how will I a-dore him, A-mong the cloud of wit-ness-es, Who cast their crowns before him.



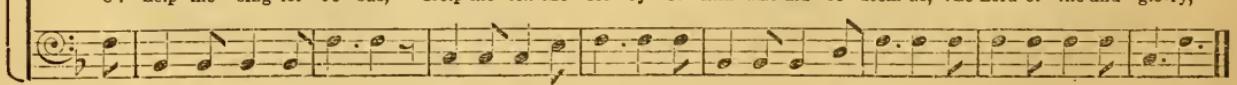
Chorus.



O! help me sing for Je-sus, Help me tell the sto-ry Of him who did re-deem us, The Lord of life and glo-ry,



O! help me sing for Je-sus, Help me tell the sto-ry Of him who did re-deem us, The Lord of life and glo-ry,



CHILDREN SING.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Chil-dren sing, glad-ly sing, Hal-le-lu-jahs to our king; Lord of all, great and small, At his feet with

rap-ture fall; Children sing, he is near, Bending still his gracious ear, Trust in him: O, rejoice! Praise the Lord with heart & voice.

Chorus.

Then sing, gladly sing, Sing, gladly sing, Till the heav'nly arches ring, Till you hear the saints above, Praising God for he is love.

2 Journey on hand in hand,
Singing to the promised land,
There is rest, there is rest.
In the kingdom of the blest;
Children sing, gladly sing,
Till the heavenly arches ring,
Till you hear the saints above,
Praising God, for he is love. Cho.

3 Children sing, when the light
Wakes the rosy morning bright,
When the birds' tuneful lay,
Hail with joy the opening day,
Praise the Lord, he has made
• Verdant lawn and forest shade,
Children sing, gladly sing,
Hallelujahs to our king. Cho.

4 Children, sing! who can tell
If the song you love so well,
May not reach one whose heart
Longs to choose the better part?
Stealing soft, like the sigh
Of a zephyr passing by.
Children sing, ever sing,
Loudest praise to God our king. Cho.

O, CHRISTIAN, AWAKE!

1. O, Christian, a - wake! for the strife is at hand, With hel - met and shield, and a
 2. What-e - ver thy dan - ger, take heed and be - ware, And turn not thy back, for no

sword in thy hand ; To meet the bold tempter, go, fear - less - ly go !And stand like the brave with thy
 ar - mour is there ; The le-gions of darkness, if thou wouldest o'erthrow, Then stand like the brave with thy

Solo. *Semi-Chorus.* *Full Chorus.*

face to the foe. Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
 face to the foe.

The cause of thy Master, with vigour defend,
 Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end ;
 Wherever he leads thee, go, valiantly go,
 And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
 Stand like the brave, &c.

Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
 With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer ;
 His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow,
 Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
 Stand like the brave, &c.

1. One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is near-er, And Christ is
 2. One more day's work for Je-sus, How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du-ty, To speak his

Chorus.

dear-er Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night, One more day's work for
 beau-ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.

Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me,

3 One more day's work for Jesus;
 How sweet the work has been,

To tell the story,

To show the glory,

Where Christ's flock enter in!

How it did shine

In this poor heart of mine! Cho.

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
 O, yes, a weary day;

But heaven shines clearer

And rest comes nearer,

At each step of the way;

And Christ is all—

Before his face I fall. Cho.

5 O, blessed work for Jesus!
 O, rest at Jesus' feet!

There toil seems pleasure,

My wants are treasure,

And pain for him is sweet,

Lord, if I may,

I'll serve another day! Cho.

DEAR AND BLESSED JESUS.

1. O, dear and blessed Je - sus, We come with songs of praise, Our thankful hearts and voi - ces, To
 2. For Thou in Thy com - pas-sion, Did'st leave Thy heavenly home, And did'st in Beth-le-hem's manger A

Thee we glad - ly raise; Tho' Thou art high and ho - ly, 'Mid an - gels bright a - bove, Yet
 lit - tle child be - come; Did'st live a life of sor - row, And die a death of shame, That

Chorus.

we on earth so low - ly, May reach Thee with our love. We come, we come, we
 Thou migh'st give sal - va - tion To all who trust Thy name.

We come, We come,

DEAR AND BLESSED JESUS,—Concluded.

come with songs of prais: We come, to day,..... We come with songs of praise.

3 O, dear and blessed Jesus,
Accept our loving song,
As we now comet o praise thee
A thankful happy throng;

We come to day.

4 As we recount the story,
We wonder and adore,
Oh ! may we sing thy glory,
Both now and evermore.

70

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

WM. B. BRADURY.

1. { Saviour like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care ; } Blessed Je-sus, Blessed
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy fold pre-pare.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are. Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way :
Keep thy flock, from sin defreud us,
Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Jesus,

77 Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Pcor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will ;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus.
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

NEVER GROW WEARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We must ne-ver grow wea-ry, do-ing well, do-ing well, Though in time we may reap no re-ward;

For E-ter-ni-ty will tell—yes, E-ter-ni-ty will tell, What a bless-ing rests on

cres. Chorus.

those who serve the Lord. O ye stars! shine on, shine on! Far up in heaven's own blue,

Some time, some time, I too may shine, I may shine As brightly as you!

NEVER GROW WEARY.—concluded.

2. We must bear the yoke daily:—Jesus says,
“It is easy, my burden is light;”
For he knows how frail we are, yes, he knows how frail
we are,
And he helps us through the day and through the
night. *Cho.*—O ye stars, &c.

3. All the stars o'er us shining in the sky.
And the sun and the moon do His will;

And we know that by and by, if to serve him well we
try,
With a brighter glow our spirits he will fill. *Cho.*
4. We must ever be watchful!—for to-day
May, for you, and for me, be the last;
So the work we'll not delay, but we'll labor, and we'll
pray.
Till the sunset hour of life is safely passed. *Cho.*

72

GLORY TO GOD.

T. E. PERKINS.

Mer - ry, Mer - ry chi-ming bells, Steal-ing o'er the si - lent dells, Hap - py news their
In a man - ger, far a way, Once the in - fant Sa - viour lay, He was born on
mu - sic tells, Glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - ry in the high - est.
Christ - mas day,

3. Born to die for you and me,
Born to set the captive free;
Prophets longed his birth to see,
Glory in the highest.

4. With the bells that sweetly chime,
Soon shall every heathen clime,
Hail the happy Christmas time,
Glory in the highest.

5. Let the joyful echo fly,
Angels sing and earth reply,
Glory be to God on high,
Glory in the highest.



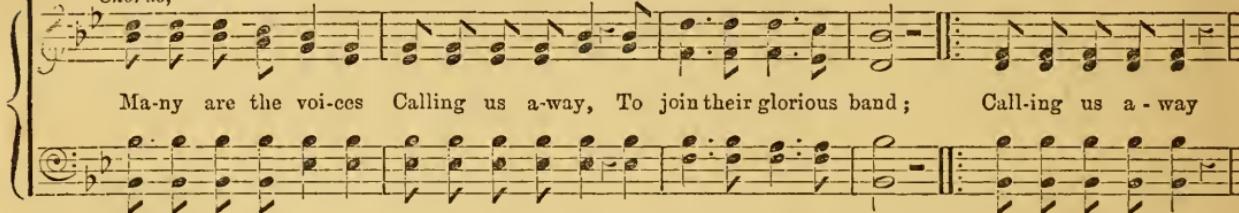
1 Give me the wings of faith to rise, With-in the vail and see The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How
 2 Once they were mourn - ers here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With

Duet.

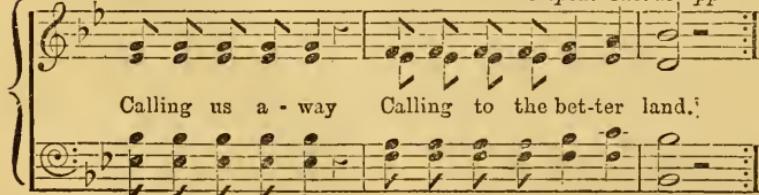


bright their glo-ries be. Ma - ny are the friends Who are wait-ing to - day, Hap - py on the gol - den strand;
 sins and doubts, and fears.

Chorus,



Ma - ny are the voi-ces Calling us a-way, To join their glorious band; Call-ing us a - way

Repeat Chorus *pp*

Calling us a - way Calling to the bet-ter land.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came :
 They with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb.—
 Their triumph to His death.—*Cho.*

4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast;
 And following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.—*Cho.*

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

Boys.

Girls.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Traveller, whither art thou go - ing, Headless of the clouds that form ? Nought to me the winds rough

Chorus.

blow - ing, Mine's a land without a storm. And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To the

land that has no storm, And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm.

2 Traveller, art thou here a stranger, 3 Traveller, now a moment linger,
Not to fear the tempest power ? Soo the darkness will be o'er !
I have not thought of danger, No ! I see a beck'ning finger,
Tho' the sky more darkly lower. Cho. Guiding to a far-off shore. Cho.

4 Traveller, yonder narrow portal,
Opens to receive thy form !
Yes ! but I shall be immortal,
In that land without a storm. Cho.

1. My life flows on in end - less song; A - bove earth's la - men - ta - tion, I catch the sweet, tho'
 far off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion; Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I
 hear the mu - sic ring-ing; It finds an e - cho in my soul—How can I keep from sing - ing ?

2 What tho' my joys and comfort die ?
 The Lord my Saviour liveth ;
 What tho' the darkness gather round ?
 Songs in the night he giveth ;
 No storm can shake my inmost calm,
 While to that refuge clinging ;
 Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
 How can I keep from singing ?

3 I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin ;
 I see the blue above it ;
 And day by day this pathway smooths,
 Since first I learned to love it ;
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
 A fountain ever springing ;
 All things are mine since I am His—
 How can I keep from singing ?

SAFETY NEAR THE CROSS.

Mrs. C. G. ALLEN.

1. When striving with the hosts of sin, We oft-times suf-fer loss, But if the con-quest

Chorus.

we would win, We must keep near the cross. O, there's safe-ty near the cross, Yes, there's

safe-ty near the cross, Mid the dir - est con - flict sin can wage, There is safety near the cross.

2 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
When hope seems well nigh lost,
O, then we'll look to Christ the more,
And still keep near the cross.—*Cho.*

3 Let worldlings trust their hoarded gold,
We count it filth and dross,

In Jesus we have wealth untold,
We daily bear the cross.—*Cho.*

4 Then let us manfully endure,
Tho' high the waves may toss,
In hope of rest on Canaan's shore,
We daily bear the cross.—*Cho.*

1. Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Re-deemer, Sing, O earth, His wonder-ful love pro-claim.

Hail Him! Hail Him! highest arch - an-gels in glo-ry, Strength and honour give to His ho - ly name.

d.s. O ye saints that dwell on the mountain of Zi - on, Praise Hlim, praise Him ev - er in joy - ful song.

Like a Shepherd Je-sus will guide His children, In His arms He carries them all day long.

2 Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered and bled and died ;
He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation.
Hail Him, hail Him, Jesus, the Crucified.
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow ;
Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, He is triumphant now.

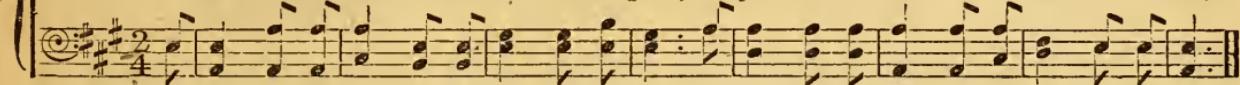
3 Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannahs ring,
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever ;
Crown Him, crown Him—Prophet and Priest and King.
Death is vanquished ! Tell it with joy, ye faithful.
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave ?
Jesus lives ! No longer thy portals are cheerless,
Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

SHALL I BE THERE?

T. E. PERKINS.



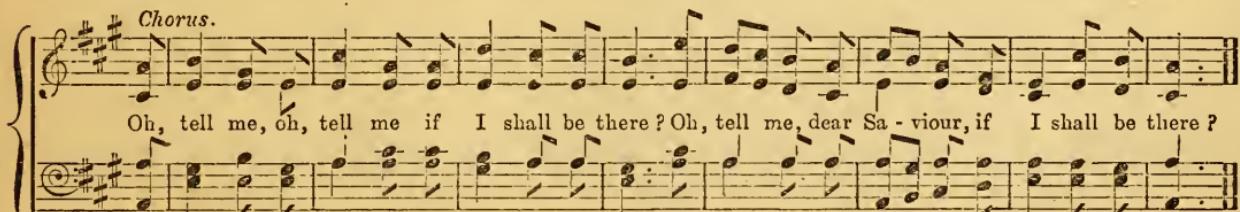
1. When saints gather round thee, dear Saviour, a-bove, And hast-en to crown thee with jew-els of love,
 2. When teachers and scholars each oth-er shall greet, And join in the an-them at Je-sus dear feet,



A-mid those bright mansions of glo-ry, so fair Oh, tell me, dear Sa-viour, If I shall be there?
 Rich tok-ens of mer-ey for ev-er to share, Oh, tell me, dear Sa-viour, If I shall be there?



Chorus.



3 When those who have labored and struggled to save
 Their loved ones from sorrow beyond the dark grave,
 Are bringing the treasures they gathered with care,
 Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?

4 O blessed Redeemer, thy mercy and grace
 Alone can prepare me to enter that place;
 When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,
 Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?

1. There is work to do for Je-sus, Yes, a glorious work to do, For a har-vest ful-ly ri-peued, Rich and

gold-en lies in view; { With a prayer to God, our Fa-ther, Let us all the work pur - sue, }
 For our ris - en Lord is call-ing, And the har-vest-ers [OMIT} are few.

Chorus.

Yes, there's work to do for Je-sus, And the har-vest is in view, There's a great work ev-ery-where to

do, There is work to do for Je-sus, And the har-vest-ers are few, There's e - nough work for all to do.

WORK TO DO FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

2 There is work to do for Jesus,
 And we hear the Saviour say,
 "Why art standing here so idle,
 At the noon tide on the way?"
 Even now I will accept thee;
 With the rest, thy wages pay;
 Go and labor in my vineyard
 Till the closing of the day. *Cho.*

3 Yes, there's work to do for Jesus;
 Who will answer to the call?
 See! the vintage is abundant,
 There is work to do for all;
 God commands that we should labour,
 Though the task our hearts appall!
 For he claimeth our life service,
 Till the shades of death shall fall. *Cho.*

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Rev. S. WOLCOTT D.D.

JESUS IS ALL.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. My soul to Christ I bring, And to His cross I cling; Je - sus is all! To Him with

guilt con-fest, I come with con-trite breast, And in His par - don rest; Je - sus is all.

2 My life to Christ I leave,
 And to His cross I cleave;
 Jesus is all!
 His grace my steps shall guide,
 Wisdom and strength provide,
 And o'er my days preside;
 Jesus is all.

3 My all to Christ I give,
 By His dear cross I live;
 Jesus is all!
 His righteous robe I wear,
 His likeness I shall bear,
 His throne of glory share;
 Jesus is all.

THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK.

Rev. E. G. TAYLOR.

1. There is Life for a Look at the cru - ci-fied one, There is life at this moment for thee, Then

Chorus.

look, sin-ner, look un - to Him and be sav'd, Unto Him who was nailed to the tree. Look! Look! Look and

Live! There is life for a look at the cru - ci - fied one, There is life at this mo - ment for thee.

2 Oh why was he there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?

O why, from his side, flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt has not paid?
Look! Look! Look, &c.

3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers,
But the *Blood* that atones for thy soul,
On him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once,
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
Look! Look! Look, &c.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world he appeared,
And completed the work he begun.
Look! Look! Look, &c.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting he gives,
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.
Look! Look! Look, &c.

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY!

Vigorously, marching time.

Words and Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat-ble cry ! See! the foe is nigh ; Raise the standard high For the Lord ; Gird your ar-mour on,
 2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail ; Shield and banner bright

Chorus. *ff*

Stand firm ev - ry one : Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. Rouse then, sol - diers!
 Gleaming in the light; Battling for the right We ne'er can fail.

ral - ly round the ban - ner! Rea - dy, stea - dy, pass the word a - long; On - ward, for - ward,

shout aloud Ho-san-nah! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

3 Oh ! thou God of all,
 Hear us when we call ;
 Help us one and all
 By thy grace ;
 When the battle's done,
 And the vict'ry won,
 May we wear the crown
 Before thy face. *Cho.*

1 Je - sus died up - on the tree, That from sin we might be free, And for - e - ver hap - py be -

Hap - py in his love; He has paid the debt we owe; If with trusting hearts we go, He will wash us

Full Chorus.

white as snow, In his blood. Then with joy & gladness sing; Happy, e - ver happy be; Praises to our

heavenly King - Happy in the Lord.

2 Lord, we bring our hearts to thee ;
Dying love is all our plea ;
Thine for ever we would be -
Jesus, ever thine ;
Jesus smiles and bids us come ;
In his loving arms there's room,
And he'll bear us safely home, -
Home above. Cho.

3 When we reach that shining shore,
All our suff'ring will be o'er,
And we'll sigh and weep no more,
In that land of love ;
But in robes of spotless white,
And with crowns of glory bright,
We will range the fields of light,
Evermore. Cho.

OUR SABBATH HOME.

R. Lowry.

1st time. | 2nd time.

While our prayers to Him as-cend, Pleasant is the time we spend, In our Sabbath Home.

Chorus.

Sweet, sweet Home! How we love our Sabbath Home! Praise the Sa-viour in our Sabbath Home.

God will meet His children here,
In our Sabbath Home;
We may feel Him very near,
In our Sabbath Home.
If we truly seek His face,
He will fill this sacred place
With the light of heavenly grace,
In our Sabbath Home.

Saviour, speak to every heart,
In our Sabbath Home;
Help us choose the better part,
In our Sabbath Home.
Thou didst lead Thy flock of old;
Now Thy youthful flock behold;
Give us shelter in Thy fold,
In our Sabbath Home.

WORK FOR JESUS.

1. Work for Je-sus, work to-day; Work for Je-sus, work and pray! Jesus will help thee, Jesus is near,

Chorus.

Ban - ish each doubt and fear. He will cheer thy faint-ing heart, Give thee strength, and

take thy part, Casting on Je-sus all thy care; Thy Mas-ter will hear thy prayer.

2 Work for Jesus in the light,
While the noon-day sun is bright;
Jesus hath called thee from on high,
Jesus is standing nigh. *Cho.*

3 Work for Jesus; soon 'tis night,
Soon will fade the evening light;
Then, as sinks the setting sun,
Jesus will say, "Well done." *Cho.*

SING ALWAYS.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1 Sing with a tune-ful spi - rit, Sing with a cheer - ful lay, Praise to thy great Cre -

a - tor, While on the pil - grim way; Sing when the birds are wak - ing, Sing wth the morning

light, Sing in the noon - tide's gold - en beam, Sing in the hush of night.

2 Sing when the heart is troubled,
 Sing when the hours are long,
 Sing when the storm-cloud gathers ;
 Sweet is the voice of song.
 Sing when the sky is darkest,
 Sing when the thunders roll ;
 Sing of a land where rest remains,
 Rest for the weary soul.

Sing in the vale of shadows,
 Sing in the hour of death,
 And when the eyes are closing,
 Sing with the latest breath.
 Sing till the heart's deep longings
 Cease on the other shore ;
 Then with the countless numbers there,
 Sing on, for ever more!

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.

1. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, A Sa - viour born to - day; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, hear them
 2. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, As when the an - gel throng O'er the vales of Ju - dah, A - woke the

far a - way; Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Till earth's re-mot - est bound, Shall hear the migh - ty
 heavenly song: Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Good will, and peace, and love, Glo - ry in the

cho - rus, And ech - o back the sound.
 high - est To God who reigns a - bove.

Chorus.

Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Car - ol sweetly to - day;
 Car - ol, car - ol,

car - ol, car - ol, Car - ol sweetly to - day;

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.—Concluded.

Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.

3.
Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas times ;
Hark ! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime ;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
ing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming love.

88 MRS. E. PRENTISS. MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST W. H. DOANE.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee ; Hear Thou the prayer I make, On bend-ed knee ;

This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee ! More love to Thee !

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best :
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

4 Then shall my latest breath,
Whisper Thy praise ;
This be the parting cry,
My heart shall raise ;
This still its prayer shall be :
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

1 Je - sus, keep me near the cross, In thy love a - bid - ing, I will glo - ry in thy name,

Chorus.

In thy word con - fid - ing, In the Cross, In the Cross, Be my glo - ry

ev - er, Tri - umph in his name a - lone, Migh - ty to de - liv - er.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.

3 Near the cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I gain my golden crown,
Praise the glorious giver.

BALMY DEW.

Arr. by Rev. C. BEECHER.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives, O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! What comfort this sweet
 2 He lives to bless me with His love, O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives to plead for
 3 He lives to si - lence all my fears, O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives to wipe a -

sen-tence gives, O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives, He lives who once was dead, O
 me a - bove, O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives my hun - gry soul to feed, O
 way my tears, O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives to calm my troubled heart, O

glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives, my e - ver li - ving Head, O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives to help in time of need, O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He lives all blessings to impart, O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

1 Come and join the glorious ar-my prais-ing God be - low, Sing-ing still the songs of Zi-on,

joy - ful as we go; With a sted-fast hope in Je-sus, who has triumphed o'er the grave, Our

trust is in His mighty arm, the strong to save. He shall reign for-e- ver glo-ry to His name,

Shout a loud, ye nations all! wondrous love proclaim! He has died to save us, died to make us free,

Chorus.

HE SHALL REIGN FOR EVER—Concluded.

A musical score for two voices. The top line is in G major, common time, with a soprano vocal line. The bottom line is in C major, common time, with an alto or bass vocal line. The lyrics 'Blessed Saviour, King of glory, praise to Thee.' are written below the notes.

2 We will bear His glorious banner nobly till we die,
We are pressing boldly onward where our treasures lie,
He has promised His protection and His promise cannot fail,
Our hope is in His mercy, and we must prevail. *Cho.*

3 Walking still beneath the shadow of His mighty wings,
We shall reach the golden city of the King of Kings;
Oh! the pleasures that await us on that bright celestial shore.
We'll join the noble army who have gone before. *Cho.*

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Mrs. E. M. HALL.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

ASA HULL.

A musical score for two voices. The top line is in G major, common time, with a soprano vocal line. The bottom line is in C major, common time, with an alto or bass vocal line. The lyrics 'I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; O child of weakness, pray, I am thine All in All.' and 'Lord, now indeed I find Thy faith, and thine a-lone, Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.' are written below the notes.

Chorus.

A musical score for two voices. The top line is in G major, common time, with a soprano vocal line. The bottom line is in C major, common time, with an alto or bass vocal line. The lyrics 'Jesus paid it all; All to Him I owe! Sin had left a crimson stain; He wash'd it white as snow.' are written below the notes.

3 For nothing good have I,
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash me in the blood,
The blood of Calvary's Lamb. *Cho.*

4 When from my dying bed,
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies. *Cho.*

5 And when before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down, at Jesus' feet. *Cho.*

1. "Peace upon earth!" the an - gels sang; "Good will unto men!" the cho - rus sang, "Glo-ry to God!" the
 2. "Peace upon earth!" 'tis sounding still, "Glo-ry un - to God, to men goodwill!" Bethlehem's song, 'tis

Chorus.

Christ has come, His bright star shines in the clear blue dome. Joy-ous-ly sing, Joy-ous-ly sing,
 caught from far, And lift - ed up to that glow - ing star.

Joyous-ly, Joyously,

Joy-ous-ly sing, Joy-ous-ly sing! Shout hal - le - lu - jah to Christ, our King!

3 Jesus has come! it echoes wide,
 Thro' valley and plain, on mountain side;
 But not alone the angels sing,
 For even children the anthem ring.—Cho.

4 Yes! let them sing, for Christ has laid,
 His hand with a blessing on their head;
 Sweeter to Him than angels' tones
 Are songs that come from His little ones.—Cho.

MARCHING HOME.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are marching homeward to that land; To the regions of the blest; We shall soon be with the angel band,

Chorus.

Where our weary feet may rest. Marching home, marching home, We are marching to that happy, hap-py

Marching home, marching home.

land, Marching home, marching home, We are marching to that hap-py land on high.

hap-py land,

Marching home,

marching home,

2 In that blessed land we're nearing now,
We shall see our Saviour's face;
He will place a crown on every brow,
Saved by His redeeming grace. Cho.3 Brothers, will you join our happy band,
Travelling up the shining way?
Jesus is the Captain in command:
Will you now His call obey? Cho.

1. Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heav'n with the angels; Joy! joy! joy! for the pro-di-gal's re - turn,

He has come, he has come, to his Fa - ther's house at last; He was lost, he is

mp A little slower.

found, and the night of gloom is past. Bless - ed hour of joy, and communion sweet, For his

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN,—Concluded.

mf.

D.C. f

heart is full and His love complete, His Father sees him and hastens to meet, And bid him welcome home.

D.C. f

2 Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven resounding,
Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return;
Hark! the song, hark! the song,
'Tis a joyful, joyful strain,
Welcome home, welcome home,
To thy Father's house again,
While his eye is dim with the falling tears
Of repentant grief, over wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
And bids him welcome home,—*Cho.*

3 Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory,
Joy! joy! joy! when a wandering soul returns;
Let us haste, let us haste,
While the morning sun is bright,
Jesus calls, Jesus calls,
To a land of love and light,
We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street,
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
And bid us welcome home.—*Cho.*

96

TRUST IN GOD.

Fine.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

D.C.

1 { The Lord, our God, is faithful, His ways are just and true; } By cool, re-fresh-ing wa-ters, Thy wea-ry soul he leads;
His tender love is boundless, His mer-cy ev-er new; }
D. C. And, like a gen-tle shepherd, His flock He kindly feeds.

2 We'll praise Him for his goodness,
And trust Him for his grace;
He will not always chide us,
Nor hide his smiling face;
For while in deep contrition
Our hearts to Him return,
He gives the cheerful promise,
To comfort those that mourn.

3 We'll trust for every blessing
Our Father, and our Guide;
We'll trust Him in our weakness,
Still walking by His side;
We'll trust Him on the billow;
We'll trust Him on the shore;
And, through eternal ages,
We'll trust Him evermore.

Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel-ic songs are swelling, O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling, Of that new life, where sin shall be no more!

Chorus. Allegretto.

An - gels of Je - sus! An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the

pil - grims of the night, Sing - ing to welcome the pil - grims of the night.

ANGEL VOICES—Concluded.

2 Darker than night, life's shadows close around us,
And like benighted men we miss our mark;
God hides him-self, and grace has scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing—
“Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come”
And through the dark, its echoes gently ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Cheer up my soul! Faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

98 Miss M. J. MASON.

Lovingly.

SAVIOUR WHO DIED FOR ME.

WM. F. SHARWIN.

1. Saviour, who died for me, I give my-self to thee; Thy love, so full—so free, Claims all my powers.

Be this my purpose high, To serve thee till I die, Whether my path shall lie 'Mid thorns or flowers.

3 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear thy voice,
Thou art my only choice;
O, bid my heart rejoice,
Be thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me
To follow only thee;—
Thy faithful servant be,
Thin to the end
For thee, I'll do and dare,
For thee the cross I'll bear,
To thee direct my prayer
On thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side,
Support, defend and guide,
I look to thee.
I lay my hand in thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call thee mine
Eternally.

OUR FIELD IS THE WORLD.

PHILLIPS and O'KANE

1 Dis - ci - ples of Je - sus why stand ye here i - dle? Go work in His vine - yard, He call us to - day;
 2 Our field is the world, and our work is be - fore us, To each is ap - pointed a message to bear;

The night is approaching when no man can la - bor, Our Mas - ter commands us, and shall we de - lay?
 At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace, Wher - e - ver di - rect - ed our mis - sion is there.

Chorus.

Our field is the world! Our field is the world! Look up for the har - vest is near;

OUR FIELD IS THE WORLD.—Concluded.

When the reap-ers from glo-ry, Will shout as they come, And the Lord of the vineyard ap-pear.

3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.—Cmo.

4 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches;
The lamb and the lion together repose.—Cmo.

100

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

Dr. WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armour by, And dwell in peace at home?

Chorus.

We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes,

2 To Jesus Christ I'll flee for rest;
He bids me cease to roam,
And lean for succour on his breast,
Till he conducts me home.

3 I'll seek at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave life's stormy tide
And reach my heavenly home.

A THOUSAND YEARS.

HENRY C. WORK.

Maestoso.

Chorus.

day so long fore - told. 'Tis the glad morn whose radiant glo - ry Prophets fore-saw in days of old.

3 Foes all around the wide world over,
 Little may heed our prayers and tears,
 But the great king our blessed Saviour
 Says we shall reign a thousand years.

4 A thousand years, bright reign of glory,
 Only the dawn when day appears,
 Only the dawn of the reign unending,
 Each of its days a thousand years.

O COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

1. O come to the foun-tain of mer cy and love, Whose pure healing wa-ter so gent-ly doth move;

2. Come hi-ther, sad mourner, by sor-row op-prest, Draw nigh to this foun-tain, and you shall find rest;

It flows from the Saviour's side plenteous and free, O come, guilty sin-ner, } "Tis flow-ing for thee.

O trust in the Saviour, whose love flows so free, Come hi-ther, sad mourner, }

Flow-ing for thee, Flow-ing for thee; O come, guilty sinner, 'tis flow-ing for thee.

Flow-ing for thee, Flow-ing for thee..... 'tis flow-ing for thee.

3 Come, weary and laden with trouble of heart,
(O come to the fountain, come just as thou art;
Drink deep of its waters, refresh-ing and free,
Partake of its fullness, 'tis flow-ing for thee.

Flow-ing for thee,
Partake of its fullness, 'tis flow-ing for thee.

4 Whoever shall hearken and turn to the Lord,
Shall find full redemp-tion and peace thro' His blood
Then hear, all ye nations, and come at His call,
This soul-cleansing fountain is flow-ing for all.

Flow-ing for all,
This soul-cleansing fountain is flow-ing for all.

Rev. G. C. WELLS.

1 When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My richest gain I count but loss,

Chorus.

And pour contempt on all my pride. {The cross, the cross, the precious cross. The wondrous cross of Je - sus; From all our sin, its guilt and pow'r, And ev' - ry stain it frees us.}

Then I'm clinging, clinging, clinging, O, I'm clinging to the cross, Yes, I'm clinging, clinging clinging, clinging to the cross.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Seek the Saviour! tho' a-round thee, Drops a dark and dismal cloud, Tho' it feels so deep and

he-a-vy, On a heart with sorrow bowed, Seek Him quick-ly, time is passin:, Passing

ra - pid - ly a - way; Lis - ten to the words that tell thee, There is still a brighter day.

Seek the Saviour! though life's tempest
May unfurl life's chilling blast;
There is hope for thee, my brother,
Storms will not for ever last,
Do not deem thyself forsaken!
Never think that thou art lost:
Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine;
See what thy redemption cost.

Seek the Saviour! Stand not grieving
O'er that darksome billow there;
Life's a sea of stormy billows,
We must meet them everywhere;
Pass right through them, do not tarry,
Overcome the heaving tide,
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

They were watching on the hill-sides, for the com-ing day, With the star-ry folds of night a-

bove them spread: When a glo-ry flashed a-round them, like a ray, Thro' the pear-ly portals on them

Chorus, faster and with energy.

shed. "Glo-ry, to God in the high-est," Came float-ing down the air; "Glo-ry to God in the

high-est!" Seem'd ring-ing ev'-ry where; "Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Oh, chil-dren, Come sing that song a-

THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.—Concluded.

Louder swell the joyful anthems from the angel throng ;
 Over hill and vale the strains enchanted float ;
 See the wond'ring shepherds list'ning to the song,
 Trembling yet rejoicing at the sight !
 Glory to God, &c.

Oh, the joyful, joyful tidings ! for to you is born,
 Christ the wondrous Saviour and the mighty King ;
 Hail, ye waiting nations, hail this joyous morn !
 Happy tidings now to earth we bring.
 Glory to God, &c.

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GEO. B. PECK

COME, COME TO JESUS!

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Tenderly.

1. Come, come to Je - sus ! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'r'er, ea - ger-ly ; Come, come to Je-sus !
 2. Come, come to Je - sus ! He waits to ransom thee, O slave ! e - ter-nal-ly ; Come, come to Je-sus !

3 Come, come to Jesus !
 He waits to give to thee,
 O blind ! a vision free ;
 Come, come to Jesus !

4 Come, come to Jesus !
 He waits to shelter thee,
 O weary ! blessedly ;
 Come, come to Jesus !

5 Come, come to Jesus !
 He waits to carry thee,
 O lamb ! so lovingly,
 Come, come to Jesus !

1. My sis - ter, the Mas - ter is cal - ling for you, Oh, hear His sweet voice, and o - bey;
 The harvest is white, but the labourers are few, Go, work in my vineyard to - day.

Chorus.

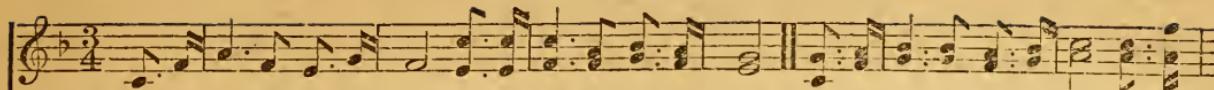
The Master is waiting, waiting, waiting, The Master is waiting and calling for you.

2. He waits where His children are crying for bread,
 Where the tempted are ready to fall :
 "I would not that any should perish," He said,
 "I come with salvation to all."

3. He waits in the homes of the poor and oppressed,
 To lighten the burdens they bear,

And bring to the weary and fainting ones rest—
 Go quickly, and meet with Him there.
 4 My sister, the Master is waiting for you,
 He calls for the reapers to-day ;
 There's work for each one of his children to do,
 Oh ! haste thee, no longer delay.

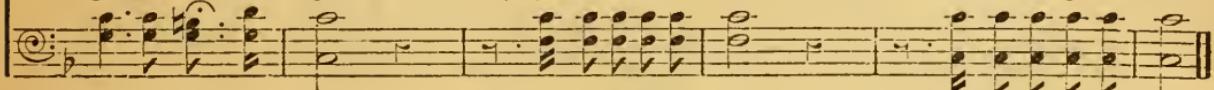
HARK THE HERALD ANGELS.



1. Hark! the herald an-gels say, "Christ the Lord is born to - day!" Let the wond'ring earth re - ply, "Glo-ry
2. Lo! He comes! the Prince of Peace Comes the prisoner to re - lease; O'er the regions veiled in night He will

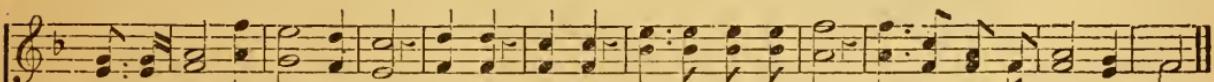


be to God on high!" Oh, be joy - ful, all ye lands! Let the mountains clap their hands;
pour - ce - les - tial light. Praise the Lord, ye isles a - far! See the bright and mor-ning star!



be joyful all ye lands!
the Lord, ye isles a - far!

the mountains clap their hands;
the bright and morning star!



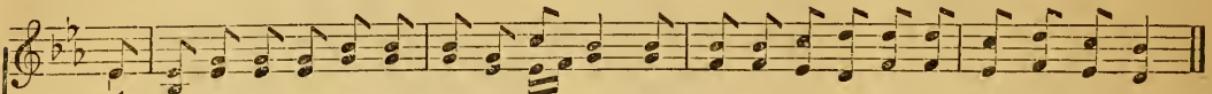
Let the hills to - ge - ther sing Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo - ry to our King, Glo-ry to our Sav-iour King.
Hail its lus-tre, while ye sing Glo-ry, glo-ry, &c.



GREETING SONG.



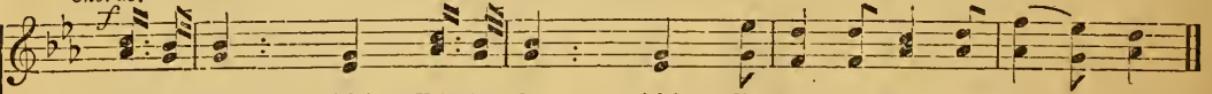
1. Dear Sa - viour we gath - er, our tri - bute to bring, The breathings of love, like the blos - soms of spring;
 2. When stoop-ing to earth from the brightness of heaven, Thy blood for our ran - som so free - ly was giv'n,
 3. Those arms which embraced lit - tle chil - dren of old, Still love to eu - cir - cle the lambs of the fold;
 4. Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! Great Teacher, we raise Our hearts and our voi - ces in hymn - ing thy praise,



Our gra - cious Re - deem - er! we grate - ful - ly raise Our hearts and our voi - ces in hymn - ing thy praise.
 Thou deignedst to lis - ten while chil - dren a - dored, With joy - ful ho - san - nas the blest of the Lord.
 That grace which in - vit - eth the wan - der - ing home, Hath nev - er for - bid - den the young - est to come.
 For pre - cept and prom - ise so gra - cious - ly given, For bless - ings of earth and the glo - ries of heaven.



Chorus.



Hal - le - lu - - jah! Hal - le - lu - - jah! Ho . san - na in the high - est!



Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le lu - jah Hal - le lu - jah! Ho - san - na to the Lord!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

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THRICE WELCOME JESUS.

1. Blessed, bright, and guiding star, Guiding wise men from a - far ; Bringing joy-ful news to earth, Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

Chorus.

Thrice wel - come Je - sus! Bless-ed, bless-ed Je - sus! Thrice wel - come Je - sus! The new-born Saviour King!

Jesus, may we come to thee,
Lowly bending on the knee ;
Costly gifts we cannot bring,
But we hail thee, Saviour King !

Sing ye angel choirs above,
Sing the wonders of his love;
He who left His throne on high,
For a sinful world to die.

Jesus, Saviour, Lord of all,
Joyful at thy feet we fall ;
Hear, oh hear us, while we sing
Glory to our Saviour King !

1. There is a land, a beauteous land, Where ransomed saints in glo- ry stand; and songs of rapture
 fill the air, Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there? Shall I be there, shall I be there, And
 in those songs of rapture share? Shall I be there, shall I be there, Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there?

2. Shall I those glories e'er behold,
 Those pearly gates and streets of gold,
 A crown of glory shall I wear?
 Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there?

3. That glorious land when shall I see?
 Oh! is that blessed place for me?
 Is there a crown for me to wear?
 Shall I indeed, O Lord, be there?

4. Whene'er my wand'rings here shall cease,
 Receive me into perfect peace,
 And may thy voice to me declare,
 Oh! yes, my child, thou shalt be there!

REFRAIN. I Shall be there, I shall be there,
 And in those songs of rapture share;
 I shall be there, I shall be there,
 Through faith in God, I shall be there.

SALEM'S MIGHTY KING.

Prelude and Chorus.

Strew the way with palm trees, To the ho-ly ci-ty; Children in the tem-ple, make the arch-es ring;

Fine.

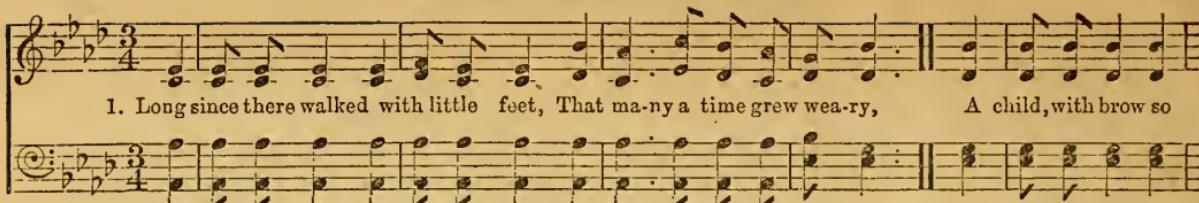
Strew the way with palm trees, Shout aloud ho-san-na, Bow the knee be-fore Him, Salem's mighty King.

S. Solo. Pastorale.

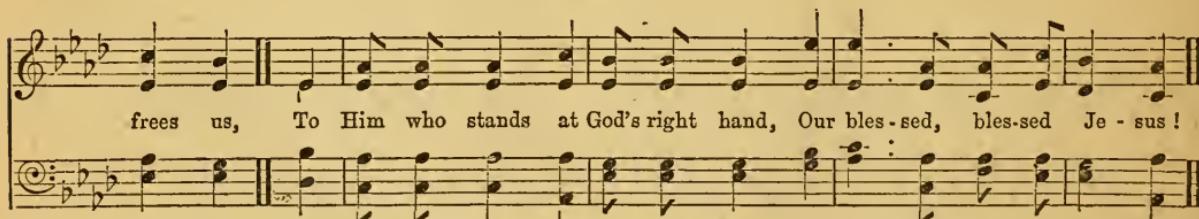
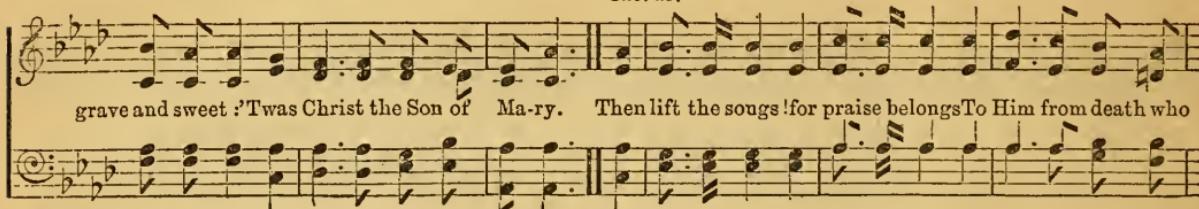
1st. time. | 2nd. time.

D.S.

1. { He whose smile reflecting light, Turned to wine the water bright;
 He who on the stormy deep hush'd the rolling [Omit.....] waves to sleep; Cleansed the leper by a word, Healed the sick, the deaf re-
 d.s. He who bless'd the loaves, and fed Hungry souls with [Omit.....] living bread. (Repeat Chorus) [stored;
 2. { He who touched the sable bier, Dried the childless widow's tear;
 He who then but gently spoke, And her son to [Omit.....] life awoke; Why rebuke the joyous song, Bursting from a grateful throng?
 D.S. Cease to chide the gathering crowd, Or the stones will [Omit.....] cry a loud. (Repeat Chorus.)



Chorus.



2 He knows how children's hearts can feel,
For He, our elder Brother,
A little child, was wont to kneel
Beside a loving mother.

3 Oh! sweet and strange His human life,
So full of thoughtful kindness,
So gentle 'mid the scenes of strife,
So patient with men's blindness.

4 Dear Jesus, as the children sing,
From spirits that adore Thee,
Be Thou their Prophet, Priest, and King,
And make them heirs of glory.

THE JUDGE IS AT THE GATE.

1. The world is very evil, The times are waxing late, Be sober, and keep
 vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate; The Judge who comes in mer-ey, The
 Judge who comes with might, Who comes to end the e - vil, Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, Arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead,
 To light that has no evening,
 That knows no moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one ,

3 O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest,
 True vision of true beauty,
 True cure of the distrest:
 Strive, man, to win that glory;
 Toil, man, to gain that light;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy Word!
And all Thy judgments just;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 I hear Thy Word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth
Come ye before Him and rejoice. [tell;

2 Know ye, the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

1 MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

3 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
3 Then let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conq'rors wait.
4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armour down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To His divine abode.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
Yon treat no other friend so ill.
2 Oh, lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart and lacer hands:
Oh, matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
4 Admit Him ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

1 O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our shield and defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
Whose chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form;
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power
Hath founded of old ;—
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it 'as cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light.
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend !

119 *Missionary.* 7s and 6s, 8 lines.

1 WE bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine ;
We come with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine.
We all, Thy favours sharing,
Our voice of thanks would raise :
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's precious Word of Truth,
To sinners Thou hast given,
To guide their steps in youth ;
To tell the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary ;
To tell of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing ;
Oh, teach us how to pray !
That we, Thy love possessing,
May tread life's devious way ;
Till, where the pure are dwelling,
By grace we meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
For ever praise Thy name.

1 LORD, I have made Thy Word my
My lasting heritage ; [choice,
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight ;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have—
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by Thy hand ;
Let me within Thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow Thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with Thine influence from above :
Not Lebouon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true :
None that attend His gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

1 **A** LL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Hiu Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my
To keep His statutes still; [ways,
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will.

2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart:
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head or heart or hands
Offend against my God.

1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise:
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

126

St. Magnus. C. M.

1 **T**HE head that once was crowned with
Is crowned with glory now; [thorns
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name:
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

125

1 **I** WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold:
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me in the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole:
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold—
'Tis He that still doth keep.

128 *Benevento. 7s, 8 lines.*

1 **W**HO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain;
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;]
Now before the throne of God,
Seated with His almighty name.
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

129 *Winchester, New. L. M.*

1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King.
To praise Thy name, give thanks and
sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

130 1 **O** GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore!
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion, evermore.

Ernan. L. M.

1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer:
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

1 **O** GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickeener of our wearied powers;
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame—
His, the mind's immortal flame:
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to th' Eternal Mind!

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship;
And all creatures are His care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for rebel man to die;
In the path Himself has trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

1 **T**HOU Son of God, and Son of man,
Beloved, adored Immanuel!
Who didst, before all time began,
In glory with Thy Father dwell;

2 We sing Thy love, who didst in time
For us humanity assume,
To answer for the sinner's crime,
To suffer in the sinner's room.

3 The ransomed Church Thy glory sings;
The hosts of heaven Thy will obey;
And, Lord of lords and King of kings,
We celebrate Thy blessed sway.

4 Blest Saviour, we are wholly Thine,
So freely loved, so dearly bought;
Our souls to Thee would we resign,
To Thee subject our every thought.

1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

6 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved by faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy
Plant holy fear in every heart, [way:
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

136 *St. Michael's. S. M.*

1 **T**HE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learned so young,
To read His holy Word.

2 Dear Lord, this book of Thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

3 O may Thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all Thy servants
And all Thy saints believe. [preach,

4 Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read His Word,
And have not learned in vain.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky:
It is finished!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the glorious theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

1 AND is this life prolonged to me?
Are days and seasons given?
O let me, then, prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.
2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone;
Lord, I accept Thine offered grace,
I bow before Thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
By my Redeemer's blood;
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.

4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys;
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of Thy praise,
And spread the savour of Thy name
Where'er I spend my days.

6 On earth let my example shine;
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss supremely great.

139 Old Winchester. C. M.

1 HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

2 How great His power is none can tell,
Nor think how large His grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before His face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search His secret will;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

140 Nearer Home. S. M.

1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,—
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail:
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears;
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who, for men, their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan—
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our Fellow-Sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

1 TO God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good-will;
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still.

2 And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord, our heavenly King, the God
And Father of all might.

3 And thou begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun;
Thou Lord and God, thou Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son.

4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all mankind away;
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray.

5 O Thou who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
The everlasting Son.

6 Thou, Lord, who, with the Holy Ghost,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
In glory of the Father, art
Most high for evermore.

1 HOW bright these glorious spirits
shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 The Lamb who dwells amidst the
Shall o'er them still preside, [throne
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 In pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear,
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe away each tear.

1 LO! He comes with clouds descending
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall then behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make Thy righteous sentence known.
O come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

1 **M** Y God, how wonderful Thou art !
Thy majesty how bright !
How radiant Thy mercy seat,
In depths of burning light !

2 Thou glorious God, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be ;—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

3 O how I fear Thee, living God !
With deepest, tenderest fears ;
And worship Thee with humble hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art ;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 Father of Jesus, God of love,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee !

1 **S**WEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ; .
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth His bounty
And every want supplies. [shines,

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food ;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
How slow Thine anger moves !
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints that taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

1 **S**TAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify ?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore :
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

1 **A**RE we the soldiers of the cross ?
The followers of the Lamb ?
And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name ?

2 Now must we fight, if we would reign ;
Increase our courage, Lord :
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

1 **S**OULDERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God
Through His eternal Son. [supplies

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul :
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care ;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

1 AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Strean, from the fount of heavenly grace;
Brook, by the traveller's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day:
When waves would whelm our tossing
Our anchor and our stay: [bark,

4 Word of the Everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son,
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

151 Jackson. C. M.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound;
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee;
Let us in Thy name agree;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid all strife for ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To Thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above;
And with faith and comfort high,
Prove how true believers die.

153 Old 100th. L. M.

1 WE praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound
abroad.

All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee, the great Jehovah, own.

2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to Thee is given.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored;
Earth and the heavens are ful' of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

4 Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore—
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations m an,
For He has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

155 Benediction. 8s, 7s, D.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail! the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy, [heaven,
Sound His praise through earth and
Sound Jehovah's praise on high:
Joyfully, on earth, adore Him,
Till, in heaven, our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear;—
Hear with meekness;
Hear Thy Word with godly fear.
While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without cloud, in heaven, we see.

There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment:
Full, unmixed for evermore.

7
ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
I have been there, and still would go,
Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that thoughtless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day,
O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy Word:
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.
With thoughts of Christ and things
divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

- COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle-wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
- Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
On earth and heaven, are one.
- One family, we dwell in Him;
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,—
The narrow stream of death.
- One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

- COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.
- Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

- While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end;
- Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death.

- THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move,
O, how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound Thy praise in song!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All Thy favours to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse!
- Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within Thy house,
Hear Thy Word and pay our vows;
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise,
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.
- From Thy works our joys arise,
O, Thou only good and wise!
Who Thy wonders can express?
All Thy thoughts are fathomless;
Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervours still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in Thy praise unite.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand;
All events at Thy command.

2 His decree, who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree;—

3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.

4 O Thou gracious, wise, and just,
In Thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

5 May I always own Thy hand;
Still to the surrender stand;
Thee, at all times, will I bless;
Thee, in whom I all possess.

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures by His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh?

1 LORD, Thou on earth didst love Thine
L Didst love them to the end; [own,
O, still from Thy celestial throne
Let gifts of love descend:

2 The love the Father bears to Thee,
His own eternal Son,
Give all Thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As Thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all who bear Thy name.

4 One blessed fellowship in love,
Thy living Church should stand,
Till faultless she, at last, above,
Shall shine at Thy right hand.

5 O, glorious day when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
When robed in beauty at His side,
She shall forget her tears!

1 TWO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O, make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O, be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should
In sudden, endless night. [die,

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame;
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

2 Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our Father art:
From Thy hand our spirits came:
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

3 Not by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known:
Nearer now, in Christ, our claim:
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

4 Whether, then, in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same:
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

1 **L**ORD, Thou hast searched and seen
me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
2 My thoughts, before they are mine own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from mine opening lips they break.
3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest:
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

1 **M**Y faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire.
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven hosanna sing.
2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, all around,
The dead, the living, swell the sound.
3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.
4 But chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest.
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

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1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim, through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

1 **C**OMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest—Follow me.
3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth, and fill this place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.
4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true Eternal God confess'd;
Whom Thou hast joined, may none divide,
None dare to curse whom Thou hast blest.
5 With Thee and Thine forever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise!
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

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1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest prayer.

2 Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

3 A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

4 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

1 O HOW blest the congregation,
Who the Gospel know and prize!
Joyful tidings of salvation,
Brought by Jesus from the skies:
He is near them, [cries.
Knows their wants, and hears their

2 In His name rejoicing ever,
Walking in His light and love,
And foretasting in His favour,
Something here of bliss above;
Happy people!
Who shall harm them? what shall move?

3 In His righteousness exalted,
On from strength to strength they go;
By ten thousand ills assaulted,
Yet preserved from every foe;
On to glory,
Safe they speed through all below.

4 God will keep His own anointed;
Nought shall harm them, none con-
All their trials are appointed; [demn:
All must work for good to them:
All shall help them
To their heavenly diadem.

1 GLORY to the Father give,—

 G od, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,—

 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,

 Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire;
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be

 To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word, that God is love.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God; [blood;

 They are bought with Christ's own
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;

 They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness.
Born of God, they hate all sin;
God's pure Word remains within.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, in Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we
 strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people; we His care;
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Father, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
 songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
 tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
 praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
 Vast as eternity Thy love:
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
And O! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

1 REAPER! behold the fields are white
 With the great harvest of the world!
Soldier! seek thou the thickest fight,
 Thy Captain's standard is unfurled.

2 Toil on in the appointed way,
 The precious fruit shall soon appear;
Work thou thy work whilst it is day!
 The shadows lengthen—night is near:

3 And say not that thy hands are weak,
 Thy heart is faint, thy soul cast down,
But press thou on the prize to seek;
 Faithful to death,—secure the crown.

4 Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice,
 The welcome cry, Behold, I come!
Within the pearly gates rejoice,
 And rest thee in thy heavenly home.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed His blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 Oh, thou Almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing.
Thine is the power; oh, make us sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
The Saviour promised long; [comes,
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

1 THO Thee, my God, my Saviour,
My soul, exulting, sings;
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
Almighty King of kings! .
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all the saints above,
And tell the wond'rous story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy East,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
Well pleased, Thou shalt hear;
Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near!

3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode:
There cast my crown before Thee,
Now, all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee;—
What can an angel more?

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above—how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

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1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by Thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Still we wait for Thy appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

3 Come, extend thy wonted favour
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, Thou blest, exalted Saviour,
Come, apply Thy saving grace.

4 By Thine all-atonning merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the teachings of Thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

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1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, oh, my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

1 **O**FT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.

4 Onward, then, to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still: and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun—
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

1 **R**EST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labour now.

2 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

3 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

4 'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone—
JHe whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul; I am the Way.

4 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt take me, guilty as I am:
My sinful self to Thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
See Him high in glory rise!
Hosts of angels, on the road,
Hail him—the Incarnate God.
Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount Thy throne—
Boundless empire is Thine own.

3 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs!
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres;
Raise, O earth! your noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.
Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say:
Raise your songs and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; and earth reply.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death, in vain, forbids Him rise,—
Christ hath opened Paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, O Grave?

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven:
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet, triumphant now:
Hail! the Resurrection, Thou!

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose work cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
To supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove!
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows his thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am;
Let the world deride or pity;
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.

2 Yes.—Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me."

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,—
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,—
Crown with life beyond the grave.

1 GOD is near me; He will cheer me
When the waves of sorrow roll;
He'll defend me, He will lend me
Comfort for my troubled soul.
2 When I'm sinking, almost thinking
That my God has hid His face,
Fears all groundless, mercy boundless,
Brighter, clearer shines His face.

3 He hath spoken; never broken
Hath His faithful promise been;
Loves me ever, fails me never,
Washes out my deepest sin.

4 Always near me, ever cheer me;
Father, Saviour, hear my cry!
Comfort bringing, keep me singing
Hallelujah, when I die.

1 LORD of the living harvest,
L That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee.
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Be with us, God the Father;
Be with us, God the Son;
And God, the Holy Spirit;
O Blessed Three in One!
Make us a Royal Priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now and for evermore.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
Oh, may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue:
Till strangers love Thy charming name
And join the sacred song.

1 FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me:

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Holy and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

1 **H**OLY Spirit! Lord of Light!
From Thy clear, celestial height
Thy pure, beaming radiance give;
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure;
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

2 Thou of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

3 Light Immortal! Light Divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill;
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

4 Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

5 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts, descend;
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys which never end.

1 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

203

Gildas. S. M.

1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

204

1 **L**OVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

2 Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give
Thine own life, that I might live;
May I love Thee day by day;
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.

3 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach me still Thy voice to hear
Suffer not my foot to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

4 Where Thou leadest may I go;
Walking in Thy steps below;
Then, before Thy Father's throne,
Jesus, claim me for Thine own.

205

Narenza. S. M.

1 **C**OME, kingdom of our God!
Sweet reign of light and love;
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth Thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

3 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from Life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

4 Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise Thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless His own.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in Him. [vived,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

1 O H! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,
When martyred saints, baptized in
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

208

Aynhoe. S. M.

1 O EVERLASTING Light!
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin!

2 O everlasting Truth;
Truest of all that's true;
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me and teach me too!

3 O everlasting Strength!
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day!

4 O everlasting Love!
Well-spring of grace and peace;
Pour down Thy fulness from above;
Bid doubt and trouble cease!

5 O everlasting Rest!
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.

6 Thou art in heaven our all;
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious Name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

2 On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from Heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
And there our voice upraising
To Father and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, be praising
Ever the Three in One.

1 **A** BIDE among us with Thy grace,
Lord Jesu, evermore,
Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
Nor grieve Him we adore.

2 Abide among us with Thy Word,
Redeemer, whom we love;
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.

3 Abide with us to bless us still,
O bonnie Lord of peace, [fill,
With grace and power our souls now
Our faith and love increase.

4 Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be,
Thy help at need, oh let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee.

211 *Vesper.* 8s & 7s, 6 lines.

1 **G**RACIOUS Saviour, holy Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them,
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy warning love directed,
May they walk the narrow way:
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

3 Let Thy Holy Word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them,
To approve whate'er is right;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
With both lips and hearts unsigned,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring,
Then with all Thy saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.

212 *Dresden.* 5555. 10. 11. 11. 10.

1 **E**VENING and morning,
Sunset and dawning,
Wealth, peace, and gladness,
Comfort in sadness, [Thine
These are Thy works; all the glory be
Times without number,
Awake or in slumber,
Thine eye observes us,
From danger preserves us,
Causing Thy mercy upon us to shine.

2 Father, O hear me!
Pardon and spare me!
Quench all my terrors,
Blot out my errors, [be scanned.
That by Thine eyes they may no more
Order my goings,
Direct all my doings;
As it may please Thee,
Retain or release me—
All I commit to Thy fatherly hand.

3 Griefs of God's sending,
All have an ending;
Clouds may be pouring,
Wind and wave roaring, [has passed.
Sunshine will come when the tempest
Joys still increasing,
And peace never ceasing;
Faith lost in vision,
And Hope in fruition— [last.
These are the joys which I look for at

1 **G**D, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from
Is planted in our breast: [heaven,
2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do Thou Thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

214 *Innocents.* 7s.

1 **E**RE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

3 Cold our services have been;
Mingled all our prayers with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last!

5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

3 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

216 *St. Matthias.* L. M., 6 lines.

1 **S**WEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night.

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

217 *Wittenberg.* 7s & 6s.

1 **O** HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

5 What are they, but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth!
What are they, but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth!

6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

1 **M**Y times are in Thy hand;
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,—
Jesus the Crucified!
The hand my many sins have pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust to Thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all Thy glory see.

219

Netley. S. M., 8 lines.

1 **F**AATHER, my spirit search,
Reveal my needs to me;
As now, a teacher in Thy Church,
I give myself to Thee.

Teach me to love Thy Word,
Teach me to do Thy will;
With earnest labours for my Lord,
Help me my life to fill.

2 Thy lambs Thou bidd'st me feed;
Feed me, O Shepherd mine;
If led by Thee, then may I lead
My flock in paths divine.

I give my life to Thee:
Forgive the guilty past,
And dwell Thyself, O Christ, in me,
And give me heaven at last.

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